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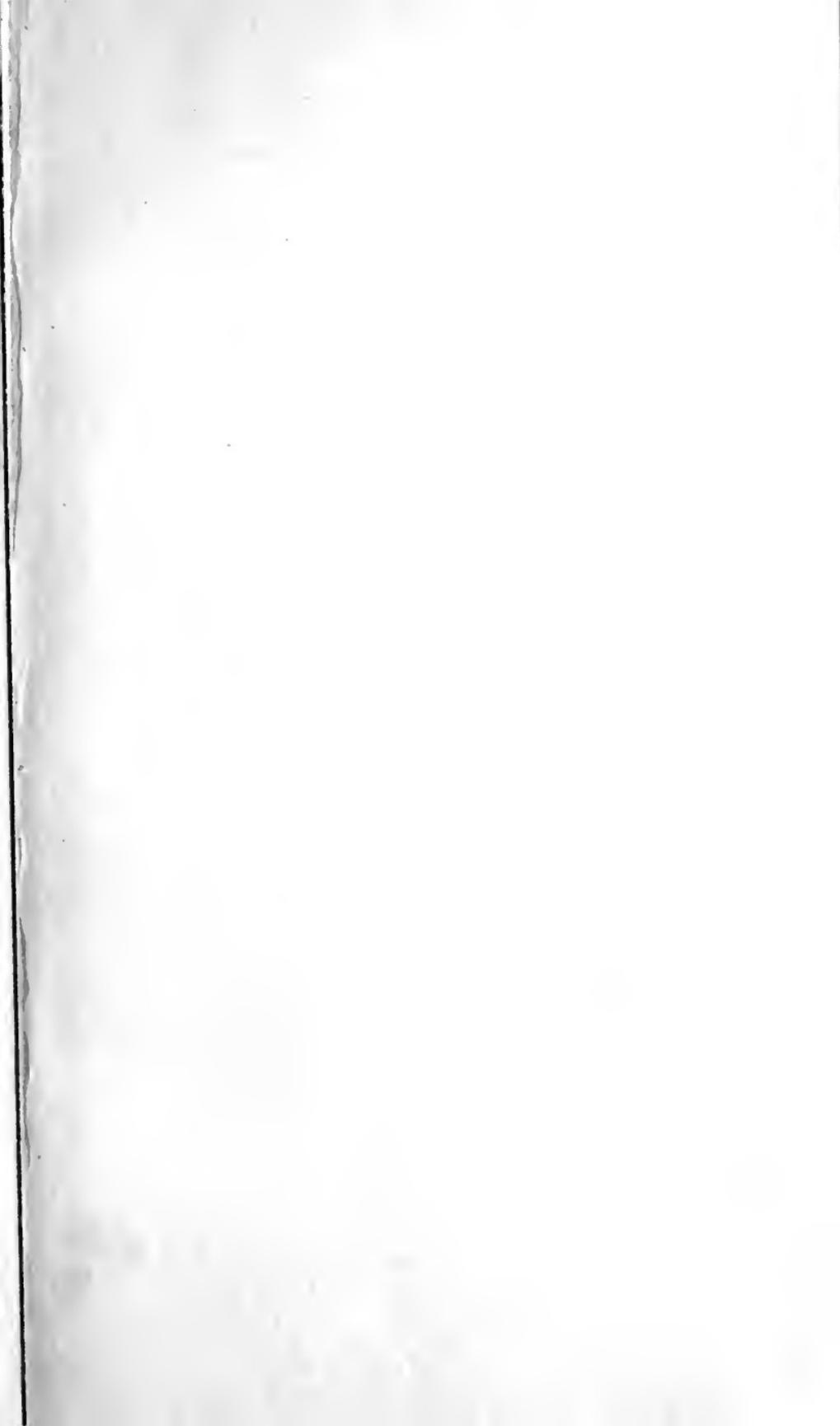
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**PLAYS**

OF  
**WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,**

WITH  
**NOTES OF VARIOUS COMMENTATORS.**

EDITED  
**BY MANLEY WOOD, A.M.**

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IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

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**VOL. III.**

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*LONDON:*  
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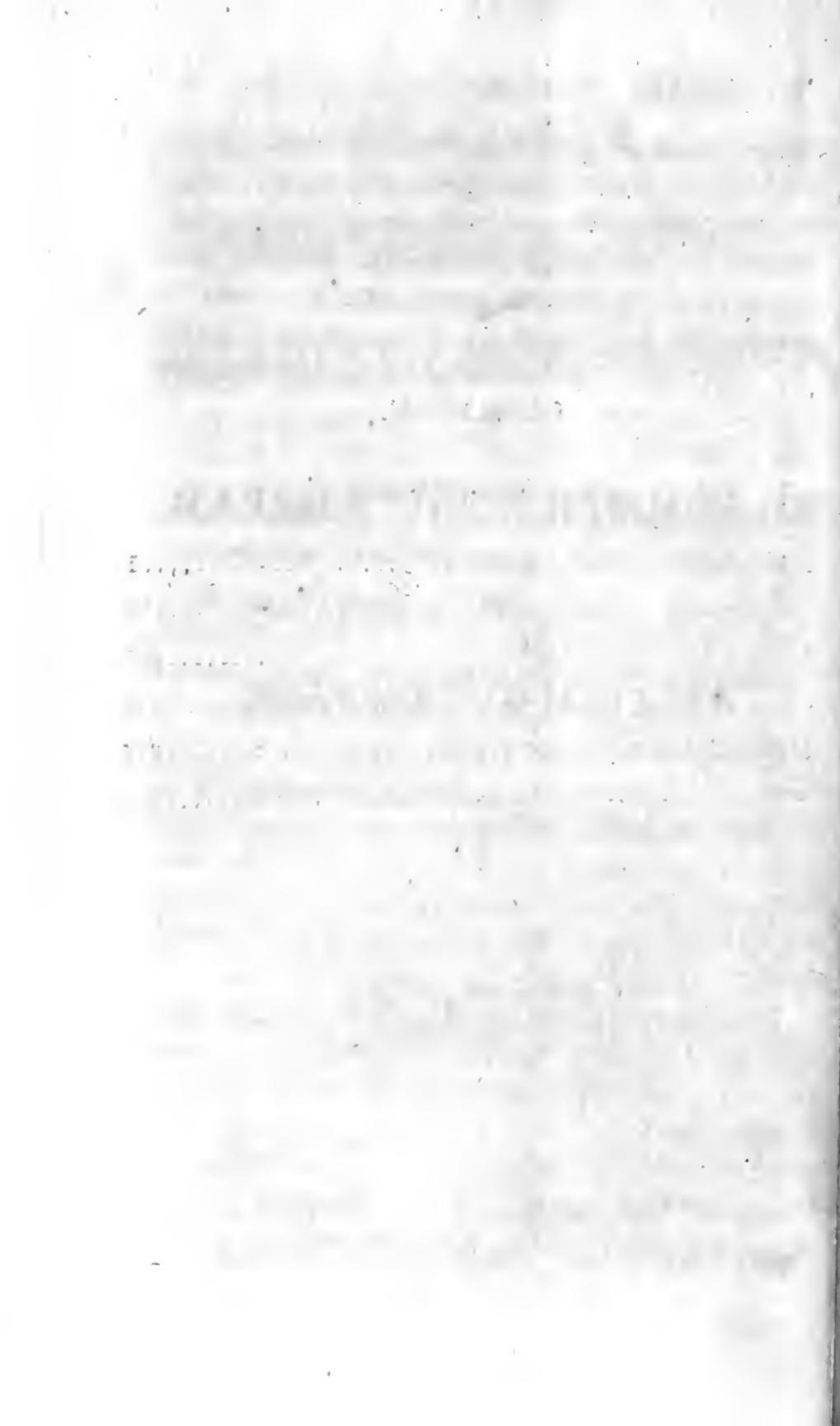


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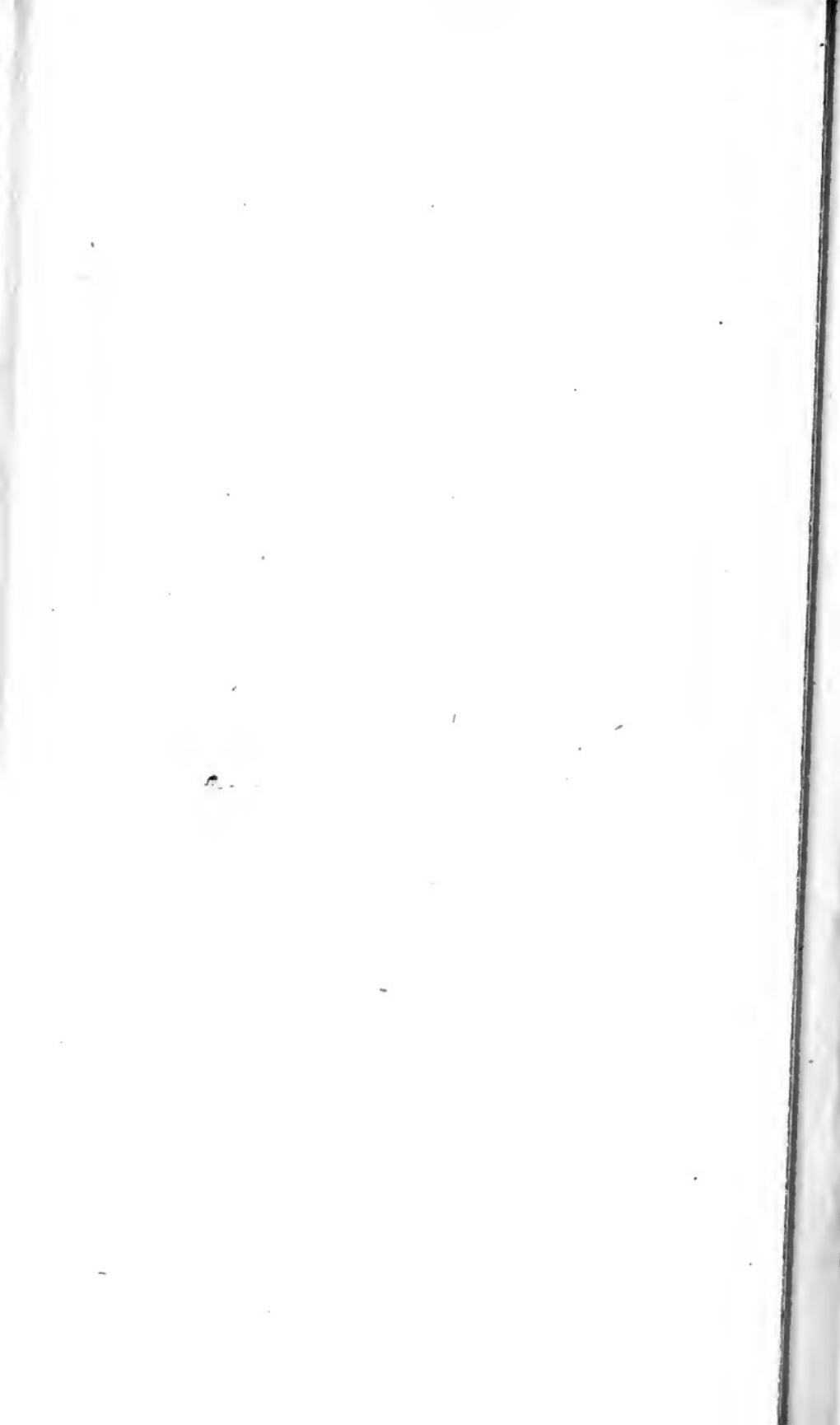


A

# MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.



REMARKS  
ON THE  
PLOT, THE FABLE, AND CONSTRUCTION  
OF THE  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

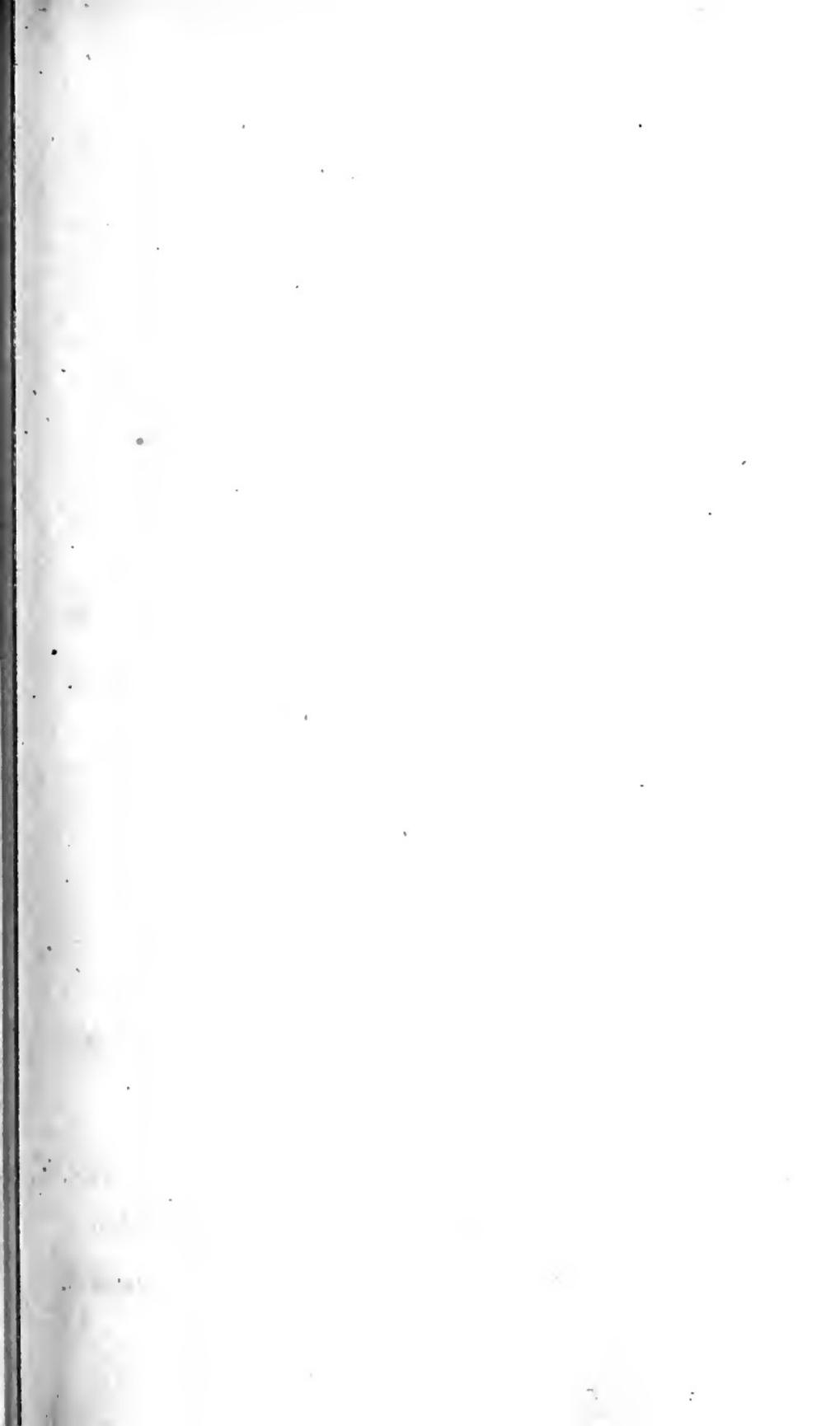
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WILD and fanciful as this play is, says Dr. Johnson, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and Spencer's poem had made them great.

Of *The Midsummer-Night's Dream* there are two editions in quarto; one printed for Thomas Fisher, the other for James Roberts; both in 1600. Neither of the editions approach to exactness. Fisher is sometimes preferable, but Roberts was followed, though not without some variations, by Hemings and Condell, and they by all the folios that succeeded them.

Mr. Steevens thinks that the hint for this play was taken from Chaucer: it is not improbable, for nobody has discovered that it was borrowed elsewhere. In the Knight's Tale the acts of Duke Theseus constitute but a very small part of the poem: Palamon and Arcite are the principal personages. So also in the drama before us, Oberon and his fairies, and Peter Quince and his

sottish companions are the very *springs*, the *motion* of the piece; Demetrius and Helena, Hermia and Lysander are but the hands by which they point out their progress. Had Shakspeare found any romance of Theseus and Hippolyta from which to have borrowed, most likely they would have had a more conspicuous share in the performance.



## *Persons Represented.*

---

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

EGEUS, *Father to Hermia.*

LYSANDER, }  
DEMETRIUS, } *in love with Hermia.*

PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Revels to Theseus.*

QUINCE, *the Carpenter.*

SNUG, *the Joiner.*

BOTTOM, *the Weaver.*

FLUTE, *the Bellows-mender.*

SNOUT, *the Tinker.*

STARVELING, *the Tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*

HERMIA, *Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*

HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*

TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*

PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, *a Fairy.*

PEASEBLOSSOM,

COBWEB,

MOTH,

MUSTARD-SEED,

PYRAMUS,

THISBE,

WALL,

MOONSHINE,

LION,

} *Fairies.*

} *Characters in the Interlude, performed by the Clowns.*

*Other Fairies attending their KING and QUEEN.*

*Attendants on THESEUS and HIPPOLYTA.*

**SCENE, Athens, and a Wood not far from it.**

# MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Athens. A Room in the Palace of Theseus.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.*

*The.* Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour  
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in  
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow  
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,  
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,  
Long withering out a young man's revenue<sup>1</sup>.

*Hip.* Four days will quickly steep themselves in  
nights;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;  
And then the moon, like to a silver bow  
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

*The.* Go, Philostrate,  
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;  
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;

Turn melancholy forth to funerals,  
The pale companion is not for our pomp.—

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hippolyta, I wo'd thee with my sword,  
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;  
But I will wed thee in another key,  
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

*Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.*

*Ege.* Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

*The.* Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with  
thee?

*Ege.* Full of vexation come I, with complaint  
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—  
Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her:—  
Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,  
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:  
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhimes,  
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:  
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,  
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;  
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy  
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds <sup>2</sup>, conceits,  
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers  
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:  
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;  
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,  
To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,  
Be it so she will not here before your grace

Consent to marry with Demetrius,  
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;  
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:  
Which shall be either to this gentleman,  
Or to her death; according to our law<sup>3</sup>,  
Immediately provided in that case.

*The.* What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:  
To you your father should be as a god;  
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one  
To whom you are but as a form in wax,  
By him imprinted, and within his power  
To leave the figure, or disfigure it<sup>4</sup>.  
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

*Her.* So is Lysander.

*The.* In himself he is:  
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,  
The other must be held the worthier.

*Her.* I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

*The.* Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

*Her.* I do entreat your grace to pardon me.  
I know not by what power I am made bold;  
Nor how it may concern my modesty,  
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:  
But I beseech your grace, that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

*The.* Either to die the death, or to abjure  
For ever the society of men.  
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,  
Know of your youth<sup>5</sup>, examine well your blood,

Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,  
 You can endure the livery of a nun;  
 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd;  
 To live a barren sister all your life,  
 Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.  
 Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,  
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:  
 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,  
 Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,  
 Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

*Her.* So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,  
 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up  
 Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke  
 My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

*The.* Take time to pause: and, by the next new moon,  
 (The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,  
 For everlasting bond of fellowship,)  
 Upon that day either prepare to die,  
 For disobedience to your father's will;  
 Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would:  
 Or on Diana's altar to protest,  
 For aye, austerity and single life.

*Dem.* Relent, sweet Hermia;— And, Lysander, yield  
 Thy crazed title to my certain right.

*Lys.* You have her father's love, Demetrius;  
 Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

*Ege.* Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;  
 And what is mine, my love shall render him;  
 And she is mine; and all my right of her  
 I do estate unto Demetrius.

*Lys.* I am my lord, as well deriv'd as he,  
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;  
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,  
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';  
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,  
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:  
Why should not I then prosecute my right?  
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,  
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
Upon this spotted <sup>6</sup> and inconstant man.

*The.* I must confess, that I have heard so much,  
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;  
But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;  
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,  
I have some private schooling for you both.—  
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself  
To fit your fancies to your father's will;  
Or else the law of Athens yields you up  
(Which by no means we may extenuate,)  
To death, or to a vow of single life.—  
Come, my Hippolyta; What cheer, my love?—  
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:  
I must employ you in some business  
Against our nuptial; and confer with you  
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

*Ege.* With duty, and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt Thes. Hip. Ege. Dem. and train.*

*Lys.* How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

*Her.* Belike, for want of rain; which I could well Beteem them<sup>7</sup> from the tempest of mine eyes.

*Lys.* Ah me! for aught that ever I could read, Could ever hear by tale or history, The course of true love never did run smooth: But, either it was different in blood;

*Her.* O cross! too high to be entrall'd to low<sup>8</sup>!

*Lys.* Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;

*Her.* O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:

*Her.* O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

*Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choice, War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it; Making it momentary as a sound, Swift as a shadow, short as any dream; Brief as the lightning in the collied night<sup>9</sup>, That, in a spleen<sup>10</sup>, unfolds both heaven and earth, And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold! The jaws of darkness do devour it up: So quick bright things come to confusion.

*Her.* If then true lovers have been ever cross'd, It stands as an edict in destiny: Then let us teach our trial patience, Because it is a customary cross: As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs, Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

*Lys.* A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:  
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;  
And she respects me as her only son.  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,  
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;  
And in the wood, a league without the town,  
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,  
To do observance to a morn of May,  
There will I stay for thee.

*Her.* My good Lysander !  
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow ;  
By his best arrow with the golden head ;  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves ;  
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves ;  
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen ,  
When the false Trojan under sail was seen ;  
By all the vows that ever men have broke ,  
In number more than ever women spoke ;—  
In that same place thou hast appointed me ,  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee .

*Lys.* Keep promise, love : Look, here comes Helena.

*Enter HELENA.*

*Her.* God speed, fair Helena ! Whither away !  
*Hel.* Call ye me fair ? that fair again unsay .  
Demetrius loves your fair : O happy fair !  
Your eyes are lode-stars <sup>11</sup>; and your tongue's sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.  
 Sickness is catching; O, were favour so!  
 Your's would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;  
 My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,  
 My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.  
 Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,  
 The rest I'll give to be to you translated.  
 O, teach me how you look; and with what art  
 You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

*Her.* I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

*Hel.* O, that your frowns would teach my smiles  
 such skill!

*Her.* I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

*Hel.* O, that my prayers could such affection move!

*Her.* The more I hate, the more he follows me.

*Hel.* The more I love, the more he hateth me.

*Her.* His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

*Hel.* None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault  
 were mine!

*Her.* Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;  
 Lysander and myself will fly this place.—  
 Before the time I did Lysander see,  
 Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:  
 O then, what graces in my love do dwell,  
 That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

*Lys.* Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;  
 To-morrow night when Phœbe doth behold  
 Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,  
 Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,) Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

*Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie, Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet; There my Lysander and myself shall meet: And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes, To seek new friends and stranger companies. Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us, And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!— Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit Herm.*]

*Lys.* I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu: As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit Lys.*]

*Hel.* How happy some, o'er other some, can be! Through Athens I am thought as fair as she. But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so; He will not know what all but he do know. And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes, So I, admiring of his qualities. Things base and vile, holding no quantity, Love can transpose to form and dignity. Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind; And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind: Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste; Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste: And therefore is love said to be a child, Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.

As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  
 So the boy love is perjur'd every where:  
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,  
 He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;  
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,  
 So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.  
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:  
 Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,  
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence  
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:  
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
 To have his sight thither, and back again. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in a Cottage.*

*Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE,  
 and STARVELING.*

*Quin.* Is all our company here?

*Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

*Quin.* Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

*Bot.* First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

*Quin.* Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

*Bot.* A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.

*Quin.* Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

*Bot.* Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

*Quin.* You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

*Bot.* What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

*Quin.* A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

*Bot.* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in<sup>12</sup>, to make all split.

“ The raging rocks,  
“ With shivering shocks,  
“ Shall break the locks  
“ Of prison-gates:  
“ And Phibus’ car  
“ Shall shine from far,  
“ And make and mar  
“ The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles’ vein, a tyrant’s vein; a lover is more condoling.

*Quin.* Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

*Flu.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You must take Thisby on you.

*Flu.* What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

*Quin.* It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

*Flu.* Nay, faith, let me not play a woman: I have a beard coming.

*Quin.* That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will<sup>13</sup>.

*Bot.* An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

*Quin.* No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

*Bot.* Well, proceed.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, the tailor.

*Star.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother<sup>14</sup>;—Tom Snout, the tinker.

*Snout.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

*Snug.* Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

*Quin.* You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

*Bot.* Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar,

that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again,*  
*let him roar again.*

*Quin.* An you should do it too terribly, you would  
fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would  
shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

*All.* That would hang us every mother's son.

*Bot.* I grant you, friends, if that you should fright  
the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more  
discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my  
voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking  
dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

*Quin.* You can play no part but Pyramus: for Py-  
ramus is a sweet-faced man: a proper man, as one  
shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentle-  
man-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it. What beard were  
I best to play it in?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will discharge it in either your straw-colour-  
ed beard<sup>15</sup>, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-  
in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard,  
your perfect yellow.

*Quin.* Some of your French-crowns have no hair at  
all<sup>16</sup>, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, mas-  
ters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you,  
request you, and desire you, to con them by to-mor-  
row night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile  
without the town, by moon-light; there will we re-  
hearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd  
with company, and our devices known. In the mean

time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

*Bot.* We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains, be perfect; adieu.

*Quin.* At the duke's oak we meet.

*Bot.* Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings<sup>17</sup>.

[*Exeunt.*]

*ACT II. SCENE I.*

*A wood near Athens.*

*Enter a Fairy at one door, and PUCK at another.*

*Puck.* How now, spirit! whither wander you?

*Fai.* Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough briar,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moones sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,

To dew her orbs upon the green<sup>18</sup>:

The cowslips tall her pensioners be<sup>19</sup>;

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewel, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone ;  
 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to night;  
 Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.  
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath  
 A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;  
 She never had so sweet a changeling<sup>20</sup> :  
 And jealous Oberon would have the child  
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:  
 But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,  
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy :  
 And now they never meet in grove, or green,  
 By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen<sup>21</sup>,  
 But they do square<sup>22</sup>; that all their elves, for fear,  
 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and making  
 quite,  
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,  
 Call'd Robin Good-fellow<sup>23</sup>: are you not he,  
 That fright the maidens of the villag'ry;  
 Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern<sup>24</sup>,  
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;  
 And sometimes make the drink to bear no barm<sup>25</sup>;  
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?  
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,  
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck :  
 Are not you he?

*Puck.* Thou speak'st aright;  
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.

I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,  
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:  
 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
 In very likeness of a roasted crab;  
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,  
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.  
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,  
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;  
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,  
 And *tailor*<sup>26</sup> cries, and falls into a cough;  
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;  
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear  
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.—  
 But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

*Fai.* And here my mistress:—'Would that he were  
 gone!

## SCENE II.

*Enter OBERON, at one door, with his train, and  
 TITANIA, at another, with hers.*

*Obe.* Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

*Tita.* What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;  
 I have forswn his bed and company.

*Obe.* Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy lord?

*Tita.* Then I must be thy lady: But I know  
 When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,  
 And in the shape of Corin sat all day,

Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love  
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,  
Come from the farthest steep of India?  
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
Your buxkin'd mistress, and your warrior love,  
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come  
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

*Ole.* How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,  
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,  
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?  
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night  
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?  
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,  
With Ariadne, and Antiope?

*Tita.* These are the forgeries of jealousy:  
And never, since the middle summer's spring<sup>27</sup>,  
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,  
Or on the beached margent of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
As in revenge, have suck'd from the sea  
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,  
Have every pelting<sup>28</sup> river made so proud,  
That they have overborne their continents.—  
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn  
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:  
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,

And crows are fatted with the murrain flock ;  
 The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud <sup>29</sup> ;  
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,  
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable :  
 The human mortals want their winter here <sup>30</sup> ;  
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest.—  
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
 That rheumatick diseases do abound :  
 And, thorough this distemperature, we see  
 The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts  
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;  
 And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,  
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
 Is, as in mockery, set : The spring, the summer,  
 The childing autumn, angry winter, change  
 Their wonted liveries ; and the 'mazed world,  
 By their increase, now knows not which is which :  
 And this same progeny of evils comes  
 From our debate, from our dissention ;  
 We are their parents and original.

*Obe.* Do you amend it then ; it lies in you :  
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?  
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
 To be my henchman <sup>31</sup>.

*Tita.* Set your heart at rest,  
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
 His mother was a vot'ress of my order :  
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side ;

And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood;  
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,  
 And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:  
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait  
 Following, (her womb, then rich with my young  
     'squire,)

Would imitate; and sail upon the land,  
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,  
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.  
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;  
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:  
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

*Obe.* How long within this wood intend you stay?

*Tita.* Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.  
 If you will patiently dance in our round,  
 And see our moon-light revels, go with us;  
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

*Obe.* Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

*Tita.* Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away:  
 We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt TITANIA, and her train.*

*Obe.* Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this  
 grove,  
 Till I torment thee for this injury.—  
 My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st  
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song;

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's musick.

*Puck.*

I remember.

*Obe.* That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not,) Flying between the cold moon and the earth, Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took At a fair vestal<sup>32</sup>, throned by the west; And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow, As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts: But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon; And the imperial vot'ress passed on, In maiden meditation, fancy-free. Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell: It fell upon a little western flower,— Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,— And maidens call it, love-in-idleness<sup>33</sup>. Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once; The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid, Will make or man or woman madly dote Upon the next live creature that it sees. Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again, Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

*Puck.* I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes.

[Exit Puck.]

*Obe.* Having once this juice,  
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:  
The next thing then she waking looks upon  
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,

SHAKESPEARE



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Obe. Fetch me this heel; and be thou here again,  
Ere the Leviathan can swim a league.

Act II. Sc. 2.



On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)  
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love.  
 And ere I take this charm off from her sight,  
 (As I can take it with another herb,)  
 I'll make her render up her page to me.  
 But who comes here? I am invisible <sup>34</sup>;  
 And I will over-hear their conference.

*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.*

*Dem.* I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.  
 Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?  
 The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.  
 Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,  
 And here am I, and wood <sup>35</sup> within this wood,  
 Because I cannot meet with Hermia.  
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

*Hel.* You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;  
 But yet you draw not iron, for my heart  
 Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,  
 And I shall have no power to follow you.

*Dem.* Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?  
 Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth  
 Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

*Hel.* And even for that do I love you the more.  
 I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
 The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:  
 Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,  
 Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
 Unworthy as I am, to follow you.  
 What worser place can I beg in your love,

(And yet a place of high respect with me,) Than to be used as you use your dog?

*Dem.* Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit; For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

*Hel.* And I am sick, when I look not on you.

*Dem.* You do impeach your modesty too much, To leave the city, and commit yourself Into the hands of one that loves you not; To trust the opportunity of night, And the ill counsel of a desert place, With the rich worth of your virginity.

*Hel.* Your virtue is my privilege for that. It is not night, when I do see your face, Therefore I think I am not in the night: Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company; For you, in my respect, are all the world: Then how can it be said, I am alone, When all the world is here to look on me?

*Dem.* I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes, And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you. Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd: Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase; The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed! When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

*Dem.* I will not stay thy questions: let me go: Or, if thou follow me, do not believe But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

*Hel.* Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,

You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius !  
 Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex :  
 We cannot fight for love, as men may do ;  
 We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.  
 I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,  
 To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt DEM. and HEL.*

*Obe.* Fare thee well, nymph : ere he do leave this  
 grove,  
 Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

*Re-enter PUCK.*

Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome, wanderer.

*Puck.* Ay, there it is.

*Obe.* I pray thee, give it me.  
 I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
 Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;  
 Quite over-canopied with lush-woodbine,  
 With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :  
 There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,  
 Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;  
 And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,  
 Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :  
 And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,  
 And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :  
 A sweet Athenian lady is in love  
 With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;  
 But do it, when the next thing he espies  
 May be the lady : Thou shalt know the man  
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.

Effect it with some care ; that he may prove  
More fond on her, than she upon her love :  
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

*Puck.* Fear not my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Another Part of the Wood.*

*Enter TITANIA with her Train.*

*Tita.* Come, now a roundel<sup>36</sup>, and a fairy song ;  
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence :  
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;  
Some, war with rear-mice for their leatherne wings,  
To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back  
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders  
At our quaint spirits : Sing me now asleep ;  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

### S O N G.

*1 Fai.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue,  
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;  
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;  
Come not near our fairy queen :

*CHORUS.* Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby : .  
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh ;  
So, good night with, lullaby.

## II.

*2 Fai. Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners hence:  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

**CHORUS.** *Philomel, with melody, &c.*

*1 Fai. Hence, away; now all is well:  
One, aloof, stand centinel.*

[*Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps.*

*Enter OBERON.*

*Obe.* What thou seest, when thou dost wake,  
[*Squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eye-lids.*

Do it for thy true love take;  
Love, and languish for his sake:  
Be it ounce<sup>37</sup>, or cat, or bear,  
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
In thy eye that shall appear  
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;  
Wake, when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit.*

*Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.*

*Lys.* Fair love, you faint with wandering in the  
wood:

And to speak troth I have forgot our way:  
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

*Her.* Be it so, Lysander; find you out a bed,  
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

*Lys.* One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;  
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

*Her.* Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,  
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

*Lys.* O, take the sense<sup>38</sup>, sweet, of my innocence;  
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;  
So that but one heart we can make of it:  
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;  
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.  
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;  
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

*Her.* Lysander riddles very prettily:—  
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,  
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.  
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy  
Lie further off; in human modesty  
Such separation, as, may well be said,  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:  
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:  
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

*Lys.* Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;  
And then end life, when I end loyalty!  
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

*Her.* With half that wish the wisher's eyes be  
press'd! [They sleep.]

### *Enter PUCK.*

*Puck.* Through the forest have I gone,  
But Athenian found I none,

On whose eyes I might approve  
 This flower's force in stirring love.  
 Night and silence! who is here?  
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear:  
 This is he, my master said,  
 Despised the Athenian maid;  
 And here the maiden, sleeping sound,  
 On the dank and dirty ground.  
 Pretty soul! she durst not lie  
 Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.  
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
 All the power this charm doth owe:  
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid  
 Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.  
 So awake, when I am gone;  
 For I must now to Oberon.

[Exit.]

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.*

*Hel.* Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

*Dem.* I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

*Hel.* O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

*Dem.* Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[Exit Demetrius.]

*Hel.* O, I am out of breath, in this fond chace!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, whereso'er she lies;

For she hath blessed, and attractive eyes.

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;  
 For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:  
 Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius  
 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.  
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine  
 Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—  
 But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!  
 Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—  
 Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

*Lys.* And run through fire I will, for thy sweet  
 sake, [Waking.]

Transparent Helena; Nature here shows art,  
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.  
 Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word  
 Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

*Hel.* Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:  
 What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what  
 though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

*Lys.* Content with Hermia? No: I do repent  
 The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
 Not Hermia, but Helena I love:  
 Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
 The will of man is by his reason sway'd;  
 And reason says you are the worthier maid.  
 Things growing are not ripe until their season:  
 So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;  
 And touching now the point of human skill,  
 Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook  
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?  
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
That I did never, no, nor never can,  
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must flout my insufficiency?  
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,  
In such disdainful manner me to woo.  
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,  
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.  
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,  
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [Exit.]

*Lys.* She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou  
there;  
And never may'st thou come Lysander near!  
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;  
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,  
Are hated most of those they did deceive;  
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,  
Of all be hated; but the most of me!  
And all my powers, address your love and might,  
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.]

*Her.* [Starting.] Help me, Lysander, help me! do  
thy best,  
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!  
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here?  
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear:

Methought a serpent eat my heart away,  
 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey :—  
 Lysander! what remov'd? Lysander! lord!  
 What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?  
 Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;  
 Speak, of all loves<sup>39</sup>; I swoon almost with fear.  
 No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:  
 Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

\*<sup>40</sup> Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT,  
 and STARVELING.

*Bot.* Are we all met?

*Quin.* Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

*Bot.* Peter Quince,—

*Quin.* What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

*Bot.* There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

*Snout.* By'rakin, a parlous fear.

*Star.* I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

*Bot.* Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

*Quin.* Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

*Bot.* No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

*Star.* I fear it, I promise you.

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

*Snout.* Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, nor to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

. *Snug.* Doth the moon shine, that night we play our play?

*Bot.* A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

*Snug.* You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

*Enter PUCK behind.*

*Puck.* What hempen home-spuns have we swag-  
gering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;  
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

*Pyr.* *Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—*

*Quin.* Odours, odours.

*Pyr.* — odours savours sweet:

*So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—*

*But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,*

*And by and by I will to thee appear.* [Exit.

*Puck.* A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!

[*Aside.*—Exit.

*This.* Must I speak now?

*Quin.* Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

*This.* Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,  
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,  
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,  
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,  
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

*Quin.* Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, never tire.

*Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.*

*This O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Pyr. *If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:—*

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[*Exeunt Clown.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,  
Through bog, through bush, through brake, though  
brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,  
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

*Re-enter SNOUT.*

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee<sup>41</sup>?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass' head of your own; Do you?

*Re-enter QUINCE.*

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

[*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir

from this place, do what they can: I will walk up  
and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear  
I am not afraid.

[Sings.]

*The ouzel-cock<sup>42</sup>, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill;*

*Tita.* What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?  
[Waking.]

*Bot.* *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer, nay;—*

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a  
bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry,  
*cuckoo*, never so?

*Tita.* I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:  
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;  
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,  
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

*Bot.* Methinks, mistress, you should have little  
reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and  
love keep little company together now-a-days: The  
more the pity that some honest neighbours will not  
make them friends. Nay, I can gleek, upon occasion.

*Tita.* Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

*Bot.* Not so neither: But if I had wit enough to

get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

*Tita.* Out of this wood do not desire to go;  
 Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.  
 I am a spirit, of no common rate;  
 The summer still doth tend upon my state,  
 And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;  
 I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;  
 And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:  
 And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,  
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—  
 Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

*Enter four Fairies.*

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* Where shall we go?

*Tita.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;  
 Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;  
 Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,  
 With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;  
 The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,  
 And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,  
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes<sup>43</sup>,  
 To have my love to bed, and to arise;  
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,  
 To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eycs:  
 Nod to him, elyes, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!

2 *Fai.* Hail!

3 *Fai.* Hail!

4 *Fai.* Hail!

*Bot.* I cry your worships mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

*Peas.* Peas-blossom.

*Bot.* I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

*Mus.* Mustard-seed.

*Bot.* Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

*Tita.* Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye;  
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Another part of the Wood.**Enter OBERON.*

*Obe.* I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;  
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,  
Which she must dote on in extremity.

*Enter PUCK.*

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?  
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

*Puck.* My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a play,  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport  
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass's nowl<sup>44</sup> I fixed on his head;  
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,  
And forth my mimick comes: When they him spy,  
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,  
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,  
Rising and cawing at the gun's report

Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;  
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:  
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls,  
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.  
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,  
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:  
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;  
Some, sleeves; some, hats: from yielders all things  
catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:  
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)  
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

*Obe.* This falls out better, than I could devise.  
But hast thou yet latch'd <sup>45</sup> the Athenian's eyes  
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

*Puck.* I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—  
And the Athenian woman by his side;  
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.*

*Obe.* Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

*Puck.* This is the woman, but not this the man.

*Dem.* O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?  
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

*Her.* Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;  
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.  
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,  
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,  
 As he to me: Would he have stol'n away  
 From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,  
 This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon  
 May through the center creep, and so displease  
 Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.  
 It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;  
 So should a murderer look; so dead; so grim.

*Dem.* So should the murder'd look; and so should I.  
 Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:  
 Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,  
 As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

*Her.* What's this to my Lysander? where is he?  
 Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

*Dem.* I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

*Her.* Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the  
 bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?  
 Henceforth be never number'd among men!  
 O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;  
 Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,  
 And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!  
 Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?  
 An adder did it; for with doubler tongue  
 Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

*Dem.* You spend your passion on a mispris'd  
 mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;  
 Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

*Her.* I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

*Dem.* An if I could, what should I get therefore?

*Her.* A privilege never to see me more.—

And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [Exit.]

*Dem.* There is no following her in this fierce vein:  
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow  
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;  
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,  
If for his tender here I make some stay. [Lies down.]

*Obe.* What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken  
quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:  
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue  
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

*Puck.* Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding  
troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

*Obe.* About the wood go swifter than the wind,  
And Helena of Athens look thou find:  
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer  
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:  
By some illusion see thou bring her here;  
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

*Puck.* I go, I go; look, how I go;  
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.]

*Obe.* Flower of this purple dye,  
Hit with Cupid's archery,  
Sink in apple of his eye!  
When his love he doth espy,

Let her shine as gloriously  
As the Venus of the sky.—  
When thou wak'st, if she be by,  
Beg of her for remedy.

*Re-enter PUCK.*

*Puck.* Captain of our fairy band,  
Helena is here at hand;  
And the youth, mistook by me,  
Pleading for a lover's fee;  
Shall we their fond pageant see?  
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

*Obe.* Stand aside: the noise they make,  
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

*Puck.* Then will two, at once, woo one;  
That must needs be sport alone:  
And those things do best please me,  
That befall preposterously.

*Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.*

*Lys.* Why should you think, that I should woo in  
scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:  
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,  
In their nativity all truth appears.  
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,  
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

*Hel.* You do advance your cunning more and  
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her 'er?  
 Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:  
 Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,  
 Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

*Lys.* I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

*Hel.* Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

*Lys.* Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

*Dem.* [awaking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?  
 Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show  
 Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!  
 That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,  
 Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,  
 When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss  
 This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

*Hel.* O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent  
 To set against me, for your merriment.  
 If you were civil, and knew courtesy,  
 You would not do me thus much injury.  
 Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
 But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?  
 If you were men, as men you are in show,  
 You would not use a gentle lady so;  
 To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,  
 When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.  
 You both are rivals, and love Hermia;  
 And now both rivals, to mock Helena:  
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,  
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,

With your derision! none, of noble sort,  
Would so offend a virgin; and extort<sup>46</sup>  
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

*Lys.* You are unkind, Demetrius: be not so;  
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:  
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,  
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;  
And yours of Helena to me bequeath  
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

*Hel.* Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

*Dem.* Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:  
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.  
My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd;  
And now to Helen it is home return'd,  
There to remain.

*Lys.* Helen, it is not so.

*Dem.* Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,  
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—  
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

### *Enter HERMIA.*

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his function  
takes,  
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It pays the hearing double recompence:—  
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;  
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.  
But why unkindly did'st thou leave me so?

*Lys.* Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

*Her.* What love could press Lysander from my side?

*Lys.* Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,  
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night  
Than all yon fiery oes<sup>47</sup> and eyes of light.  
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,  
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

*Her.* You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

*Hel.* Lo, she is one of this confederacy!  
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,  
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.  
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!  
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd  
To bait me with this foul derision?  
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,  
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our neelds created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.

And will you rent our ancient love asunder,  
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?  
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly,  
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;  
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

*Her.* I am amazed at your passionate words:  
 I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

*Hel.* Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?  
 And made your other love, Demetrius,  
 (Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,) To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,  
 Precious, celestial! Wherefore speaks he this  
 To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander  
 Deny your love, so rich within his soul,  
 And tender me, forsooth, affection;  
 But by your setting on, by your consent?  
 What though I be not so in grace as you,  
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate;  
 But miserable most, to love unlov'd?  
 This you should pity, rather than despise.

*Her.* I understand not what you mean by this.

*Hel.* Ay, do, perséver<sup>48</sup>, counterfeit sad looks,  
 Make mows upon me when I turn my back;  
 Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:  
 This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.  
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,  
 You would not make me such an argument.  
 But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;  
 Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

*Lys.* Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;  
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

*Hel.* O excellent!

*Her.* Sweet, do not scorn her so.

*Dem.* If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

*Lys.* Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;  
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak  
prayers.—

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;  
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,  
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

*Dem.* I say, I love thee more than he can do.

*Lys.* If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

*Dem.* Quick, come,—

*Her.* Lysander, whereto tends all this?

*Lys.* Away, you Ethiop!

*Dem.* No, no, sir: he will  
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow.  
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

*Lys.* Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing,  
let loose;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

*Her.* Why are you grown so rude? what change  
is this,

Sweet love?

*Lys.* Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!

Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

*Her.* Do you not jest?

*Hel.* Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

*Lys.* Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

*Dem.* I would, I had your bond: for, I perceive,  
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

*Lys.* What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her  
dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

*Her.* What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?  
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?  
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?  
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.  
Since night, you lov'd me: yet, since night you left me:  
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—  
In earnest, shall I say?

*Lys.* Ay, by my life:  
And never did desire to see thee more.  
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,  
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,  
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

*Her.* O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!  
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,  
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

*Hel.* Fine, i'faith!  
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear  
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?  
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

*Her.* Puppet? why so? Ay, that way goes the game.  
Now I perceive that she hath made compare  
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;  
And with her personage, her tall personage,  
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—

And are you grown so high in his esteem,  
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?  
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;  
How low am I? I am not yet so low,  
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

*Hel.* I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,  
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;  
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;  
I am a right maid for my cowardice;  
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,  
Because she's something lower than myself,  
That I can match her.

*Her.* Lower! hark, again.

*Hel.* Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.  
I evermore did love you, Hermia,  
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;  
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,  
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:  
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.  
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me  
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:  
And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
To Athens will I bear my folly back,  
And follow you no further: Let me go:  
You see how simple and how fond I am.

*Her.* Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders you?

*Hel.* A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

*Her.* What, with Lysander?

*Hel.* With Demetrius.

*Lys.* Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

*Dem.* No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

*Hel.* O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd: She was a vixen, when she went to school; And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

*Her.* Little again? nothing but low and little?— Why will you suffer her to flout me thus? Let me come to her.

*Lys.* Get you gone, you dwarf; You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made<sup>49</sup>; You bead, you acorn.

*Dem.* You are too officious, In her behalf that scorns your services. Let her alone; speak not of Helena; Take not her part: for if thou dost intend Never so little show of love to her, Thou shalt aby it<sup>50</sup>.

*Lys.* Now she holds me not; Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right, Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

*Dem.* Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt Lys. and Dem.*]

*Her.* You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you: Nay, go not back.

*Hel.* I will not trust you, I; Nor longer stay in your curst company. Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray; My legs are longer though, to run away. [Exit.]

*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[*Exit, pursuing Helena.*]

*Obe.* This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,  
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

*Puck.* Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.  
Did not you tell me, I should know the man  
By the Athenian garments he had on?  
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,  
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:  
And so far am I glad it so did sort,  
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

*Obe.* Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to  
fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;  
The starry welkin cover thou anon  
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;  
And lead these testy rivals so astray,  
As one come not within another's way.  
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,  
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;  
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;  
And from each other look thou lead them thus,  
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep  
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:  
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;  
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
To take from thence all error, with his might,  
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.  
When they next wake, all this derision  
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;  
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,  
With league, whose date till death shall never end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,  
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;  
And then I will her charmed eye release  
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

*Puck.* My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;  
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;  
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,  
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,  
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone;  
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,  
They wilfully themselves exile from light,  
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

*Obe.* But we are spirits of another sort:  
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;  
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.  
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:  
We may effect this business yet ere day. [Exit *Obe.*]

*Puck.* Up and down, up and down;  
I will lead them up and down:  
I am fear'd in field and town:  
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

*Enter LYSANDER.*

*Lys.* Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

*Puck.* Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

*Lys.* I will be with thee straight.

*Puck.* Follow me then

To plainer ground.

[*Exit. Lys. as following the voice.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS.*

*Dem.* Lysander! speak again.  
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?  
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

*Puck.* Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,  
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,  
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,  
That draws a sword on thee.

*Dem.* Yea; art thou there?

*Puck.* Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter LYSANDER.*

*Lys.* He goes before me, and still dares me on;  
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.  
The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I:  
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;  
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,  
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[*Lies down.*

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,  
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

*Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.*

*Puck.* Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

*Dem.* Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,  
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;  
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.  
Where art thou?

*Puck.* Come hither; I am here.

*Dem.* Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt  
buy this dear,  
If ever I thy face by day-light see:  
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me  
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—  
By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

*Enter HELENA.*

*Hel.* O weary night, O long and tedious night,  
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east;  
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,  
From these that my poor company detest:—  
And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

*Puck.* Yet but three? Come one more;  
Two of both kinds makes up four.  
Here she comes, curst, and sad:—  
Cupid is a knavish lad,  
Thus to make poor females mad.

*Enter HERMIA.*

*Her.* Never so weary, never so in woe,  
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;  
I can no further crawl, no further go;  
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.  
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.  
Heaven shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[*Lies down.*

*Puck.* On the ground  
Sleep sound:  
I'll apply  
To your eye,  
Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*

When thou wak'st,  
Thou tak'st  
True delight  
In the sight  
Of thy former lady's eye:  
And the country proverb known,  
That every man should take his own,  
In your waking shall be shown:  
Jack shall have Jill <sup>s1</sup>;  
Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. [*Exit Puck.—Dem. Hel. &c. sleep.*

*ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*The same.* Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending; OBERON behind, unseen.

*Tita.* Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

*Bot.* Where's Peas-blossom?

*Peas.* Ready.

*Bot.* Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

*Cob.* Ready.

*Bot.* Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

*Must.* Ready.

*Bot.* Give me your neif,<sup>52</sup> monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

*Must.* What's your will?

*Bot.* Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about

the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

*Tita.* What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in musick: let us have the tongs and the bones.

*Tita.* Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

*Bot.* Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

*Tita.* I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

*Tita.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.  
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,  
Gently entwist,—the female ivy<sup>53</sup> so  
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.  
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*

**OBERON advances. Enter PUCK.**

*Obe.* Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.  
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,  
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,

I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:  
 For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
 With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;  
 And that same dew, which sometime on the buds  
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,  
 Stood now within the pretty flourets' eyes,  
 Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.  
 When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,  
 And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,  
 I then did ask of her her changeling child:  
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent  
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.  
 And now I have the boy, I will undo  
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes.  
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp  
 From off the head of this Athenian swain;  
 That he awaking when the other do,  
 May all to Athens back again repair;  
 And think no more of this night's accidents,  
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.  
 But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

*Tita.* My Oberon! what visions have I seen!  
 Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

*Obe.* There lies your love.

*Tita.* How came these things to pass?  
O, how mine eyes do loath this visage now!

*Obe.* Silence, awhile.—Robin, take off this head.  
Titania, musick call; and strike more dead  
Than common sleep, of all these five<sup>54</sup> the sense.

*Tita.* Musick, ho! musick; such as charmeth sleep.

*Puck.* Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own  
fool's eyes peep.

*Obe.* Sound, musick. [ *Still musick.*] Come, my  
queen, take hands with me,  
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.  
Now thou and I are new in amity;  
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,  
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,  
And bless it to all fair posterity:  
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be  
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

*Puck.* Fairy king, attend, and mark;  
I do hear the morning lark.

*Obe.* Then, my queen, in silence sad,  
Trip we after the night's shade:  
We the globe can compass soon,  
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

*Tita.* Come, my lord; and in our flight,  
Tell me how it came this night,  
That I sleeping here was found,  
With these mortals, on the ground. [ *Exeunt.*

[ *Horns sound within.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and Train.*

*The.* Go, one of you, find out the forester;—  
 For now our observation is perform'd:  
 And since we have the vaward of the day,  
 My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.  
 Uncouple in the western valley; go:—  
 Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—  
 We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,  
 And mark the musical confusion  
 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hip.* I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,  
 When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
 With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear  
 Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,  
 The skies, the fountains, every region near  
 Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard  
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*The.* My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
 So flew'd, so sanded<sup>ss</sup>; and their heads are hung  
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew;  
 Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;  
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,  
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,  
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:  
 Judge, when you hear.—But, soft: what nymphs  
 are these?

*Ege.* My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;  
 And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;

This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:  
I wonder of their being here together.

*The.* No doubt, they rose up early, to observe  
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,  
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—  
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day,  
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

*Ege.* It is, my lord.

*The.* Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their  
horns.

*Horns, and shouts within.* DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER,  
HERMIA, and HELENA, *wake and start up.*

*The.* Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is  
past <sup>56</sup>;

Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

*Lys.* Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to Theseus.*

*The.* I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you two are rival enemies;  
How comes this gentle concord in the world,  
That hatred is so far from jealousy,  
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

*Lys.* My lord, I shall reply amazedly,  
Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,  
I cannot truly say how I came here:  
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—  
(And now I do bethink me, so it is;) )  
I came with Hermia hither: our intent  
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be

Without the peril of the Athenian law.

*Ege.* Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:  
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—  
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,  
Thereby to have defeated you and me:  
You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;  
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

*Dem.* My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,  
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;  
And I in fury hither follow'd them;  
Fair Helena in fancy following me.  
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,  
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,  
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now  
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,  
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:  
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,  
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,  
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,  
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:  
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food:  
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,  
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,  
And will for evermore be true to it.

*The.* Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:  
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—  
Egeus, I will overbear your will;  
For in the temple, by and by with us,  
These couples shall eternally be knit.  
And, for the morning now is something worn,

Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—  
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,  
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—  
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.*

*Dem.* These things seem small, and undistinguishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

*Her.* Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,  
When every thing seems double.

*Hel.* So methinks:

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel <sup>57</sup>,  
Mine own, and not mine own.

*Dem.* It seems to me,  
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,  
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

*Her.* Yea; and my father.

*Hel.* And Hippolyta.

*Lys.* And he did bid us follow to the temple.

*Dem.* Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;  
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

*As they go out, Bottom awakes.*

*Bot.* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass, if he go about to

expound his dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be call'd Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [Exit:

## SCENE II.

*Athens. A Room in Quince's House.*

*Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.*

*Quin.* Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

*Star.* He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

*Flu.* If he come not, then the play is marr'd; It goes not forward, doth it?

*Quin.* It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

*Flu.* No; he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

*Quin.* Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

*Flu.* You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of nought.

*Enter Snug.*

*Snug.* Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

*Flu.* O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost six-pence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped six-pence a day: an the duke had not given him six-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd; he would have deserv'd it: six-pence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

*Enter Bottom.*

*Bot.* Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

*Quin.* Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

*Bot.* Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but, ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing right, as it fell out.

*Quin.* Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

*Bot.* Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let Thisby

have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [Exeunt.]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Hip.* 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

*The.* More strange than true. I never may believe<sup>s2</sup> These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatick, the lover, and the poet, Are of imagination all compact: One sees more devils than vast hell can hold; That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt: The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; And, as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
 A local habitation, and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination ;  
 That, if it would but apprehend some joy,  
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;  
 Or, in the night, imagining some fear,  
 How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear ?

*Hip.* But all the story of the night told over,  
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,  
 More witnesseth than fancy's images,  
 And grows to something of great constancy<sup>59</sup> ;  
 But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

*Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.*

*The.* Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—  
 Joy, gentle friends ! joy, and fresh days of love,  
 Accompany your hearts !

*Lys.* More than to us  
 Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed !

*The.* Come now ; what masks, what dances shall  
 we have,  
 To wear away this long age of three hours,  
 Between our after-supper, and bed-time ?  
 Where is our usual manager of mirth ?  
 What revels are in hand ? Is there no play,  
 To ease the anguish of a torturing hour ?  
 Call Philostrate.

*Philost.* Here, mighty Theseus.

*The.* Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?

What mask? what musick? How shall we beguile The lazy time, if not with some delight?

*Philost.* There is a brief, how many sports are ripe; Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper.*

*The. reads.] The battle with the Centaurs, to besung  
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.*

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,  
In glory of my kinsman Hercules,

*The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,  
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.*

That is an old device; and it was play'd  
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

*‘° The thrice three muses mourning for the death  
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.*

That is some satire, keen, and critical<sup>61</sup>,  
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

*A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,  
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.*

Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?

That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.  
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

*Philost.* A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play;  
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;  
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play  
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;  
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.  
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,  
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears  
The passion of loud laughter never shed.  
*The.* What are they, that do play it?

*Philost.* Hard-handed men, that work in Athens,  
here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now;  
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories  
With this same play, against your nuptial.

*The.* And we will hear it.

*Philost.* No, my noble lord,  
It is not for you: I have heard it over,  
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;  
Unless you can find sport in their intents<sup>62</sup>,  
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,  
To do you service.

*The.* I will hear that play:  
For never any thing can be amiss,  
When simpleness and duty tender it.  
Go, bring them in;—and take your places, ladies.

[Exit Philostrate.]

*Hip.* I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,  
And duty in his service perishing.

*The.* Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

*Hip.* He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

*The.* The kinder we, to give them thanks for no-  
thing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:

And what poor duty cannot do,  
 Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.  
 Where I have come, great clerks have purposed  
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes;  
 Where I have seen them shiver, and look pale,  
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
 Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,  
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
 Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,  
 Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;  
 And in the modesty of fearful duty  
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
 Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,  
 In least, speak most, to my capacity.

*Enter PHILOSTRATE.*

*Philost.* So please your grace, the prologue is ad-drest<sup>63</sup>.

*The.* Let him approach. [Flourish of Trumpets.]

*Enter Prologue.*

Prol. *If we offend, it is with our good will.*  
*That you should think, we come not to offend,*  
*But with good-will. To show our simple skill,*  
*That is the true beginning of our end.*  
*Consider then, we come but in despite.*  
*We do not come, as minding to content you,*  
*Our true intent is. All for your delight,*  
*We are not here. That you should here repent you,*

*The actors are at hand; and, by their show,  
You shall know all, that you are like to know.*

*The.* This fellow doth not stand upon points.

*Lys.* He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt;  
He knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord:  
It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

*Hip.* Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue, like  
a child on a recorder<sup>64</sup>; a sound, but not in govern-  
ment.

*The.* His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing  
impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

*Enter PYRAMUS, and THISBE, Wall, Moonshine,  
and Lion, as in dumb show.*

*Prol.* "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show:

" But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

" This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

" This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certain.

" This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

" Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder:

" And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are con-  
tent

" To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.

" This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

" Presenteth moon-shine: for, if you will know,

" By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn

" To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

" This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,

" The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright:

“ And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;  
 “ Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:  
 “ Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,  
 “ And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:  
 “ Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade<sup>65</sup>,  
 “ He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;  
 “ And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,  
 “ His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,  
 “ Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,  
 “ At large discourse, while here they do remain.”

*[Exeunt, Prol. Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.]*

*The.* I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

*Dem.* No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

*Wall.* “ In this same interlude, it doth befall,  
 “ That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:  
 “ And such a wall, as I would have you think,  
 “ That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,  
 “ Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,  
 “ Did whisper often very secretly.  
 “ This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth  
     show

“ That I am that same wall; the truth is so:  
 “ And this the cranny is, right and sinister,  
 “ Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.”

*The.* Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

*Dem.* It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

*The.* Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

*Enter PYRAMUS.*

*Pyr.* "O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!  
 "O night, which ever art, when day is not!  
 "O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,  
 "I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—  
 "And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,  
 "That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;  
 "Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,  
 "Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne. [Wall holds up his fingers.  
 "Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!  
 "But what see I? No Thisby do I see.  
 "O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;  
 "Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"  
*The.* The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.  
*Pyr.* No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

*Enter THISBE.*

*This.* "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,  
 "For parting my fair Pyramus and me:  
 "My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;  
 "Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

*Pyr.* "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,

"To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

"Thisby!"

*This.* "My love! thou art my love, I think."

*Pyr.* "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's  
grace;

"And like Limander am I trusty still<sup>66</sup>."

*This.* "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

*Pyr.* "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

*This.* "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

*Pyr.* "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."

*This.* "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

*Pyr.* "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straight-  
way?"

*This.* "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

*Wall.* "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;

"And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.*

*The.* Now is the mural down between the two  
neighbours.

*Dem.* No remedy, my lord, when walls are so  
wilful to hear without warning.

*Hip.* This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

*The.* The best in this kind are but shadows: and  
the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

*Hip.* It must be your imagination then, and not  
theirs.

*The.* If we imagine no worse of them, than they  
of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here  
come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

*Enter Lion and Moonshine.*

*Lion.* " You, ladies you, whose gentle hearts do fear

" The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

" May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

" When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

" Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am

" A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam :

" For if I should as lion come in strife

" Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

*The.* A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

*Dem.* The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

*Lys.* This lion is a very fox for his valour.

*The.* True; and a goose for his discretion.

*Dem.* Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

*The.* His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

*Moon.* " This lantern doth the horned moon present:"

*Dem.* He should have worn the horns on his head.

*The.* He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

*Moon.* " This lantern doth the horned moon present:

" Myself the man i'th' moon do seem to be."

*The.* This is the greatest error of all the rest: the

man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i' the moon?

*Dem.* He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff<sup>67</sup>.

*Hip.* I am aweary of this moon: Would, he would change!

*The.* It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

*Lys.* Proceed, moon.

*Moon.* All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

*Dem.* Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But silence; here comes Thisbe.

#### Enter THISBE.

*This.* " This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

*Lion.* " Oh—."

[*The Lion roars.* *Thisbe runs off.*

*Dem.* Well roar'd, lion.

*The.* Well run, Thisbe.

*Hip.* Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

*The.* Well mous'd, lion.

[*The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*

*Dem.* And so comes Pyramus.

*Lys.* And then the moon vanishes.

*Enter PYRAMUS.*

*Pyr.* " Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;  
 " I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright:  
 " For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,  
 " I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.  
 " But stay;—O spite!  
 " But mark;—Poor knight,  
 " What dreadful dole is here?  
 " Eyes, do you see?  
 " How can it be?  
 " O dainty duck! O dear!  
 " Thy mantle good,  
 " What, stain'd with blood?  
 " Approach, ye furies fell!  
 " O fates! come, come;  
 " Cut thread and thrum;  
 " Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

*The.* This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

*Hip.* Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

*Pyr.* " O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?  
 " Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:  
 " Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,  
 " That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd,  
 with cheer.  
 " Come, tears, confound;  
 " Out, sword, and wound

“ The pap of Pyramus:  
“ Ay, that left pap,  
“ Where heart doth hop:  
“ Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.  
“ Now am I dead,  
“ Now am I fled;  
“ My soul is in the sky:  
“ Tongue, lose thy light!  
“ Moon, take thy flight!  
“ Now die, die, die, die, die.

[*Dies. Exit Moonshine.*

*Dem.* No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

*Lys.* Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

*The.* With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass<sup>68</sup>.

*Hip.* How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

*The.* She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

*Enter THISBE.*

*Hip.* Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

*Dem.* A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

*Lys.* She hath spied him already, with those sweet eyes.

*Dem.* And thus she moans, *videlicet.*—

*This.* “ Asleep, my love?  
 “ What dead, my dove?  
 “ O Pyramus, arise,  
 “ Speak, speak. Quite dumb?  
 “ Dead, Dead? A tomb  
 “ Must cover thy sweet eyes.  
 “ These lily brows,  
 “ This cherry nose,  
 “ These yellow cowslip cheeks,  
 “ Are gone, are gone:  
 “ Lovers, make moan!  
 “ His eyes were green as leeks.  
 “ O sisters three,  
 “ Come, come, to me,  
 “ With hands as pale as milk;  
 “ Lay them in gore,  
 “ Since you have shore  
 “ With shears his thread of silk.  
 “ Tongue, not a word:—  
 “ Come, trusty sword;  
 “ Come, blade, my breast imbrue:  
 “ And farewell, friends:—  
 “ Thus Thisby ends:  
 “ Adieu, adieu, adieu.”                                  [Dies.]

*The.* Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

*Dem.* Ay, and wall too.

*Bot.* No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance<sup>69</sup>, between two of our company?

*The.* No epilogue, I pray you ; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Bergomask : let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of Clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—  
 Lovers to-bed; 'tis almost fairy time.  
 I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,  
 As much as we this night have overwatch'd.  
 This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd  
 The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—  
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,  
 In nightly revels, and new jollity.                   [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.

*Enter PUCK.*

*Puck.* Now the hungry lion roars,  
 And the wolf behowls the moon ;  
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
 All with weary task fordone <sup>70</sup>.  
 Now the wasted brands do glow,  
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritchting loud,  
 Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,  
 In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,  
 That the graves, all gaping wide,  
 Every one lets forth his sprite,  
 In the church-way paths to glide:  
 And we fairies, that do run  
 By the triple Hecat's team,  
 From the presence of the sun,  
 Following darkness like a dream,  
 Now are frolick; not a mouse  
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:  
 I am sent, with broom, before,  
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

*Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their Train.*

*Ole.* Through this house give glimmering light,  
 By the dead and drowsy fire:  
 Every elf, and fairy sprite,  
 Hop as light as bird from brier;  
 And this ditty, after me,  
 Sing, and dance it trippingly.  
*Tita.* First, rehearse this song by rote:  
 To each word a warbling note,  
 Hand in hand with fairy grace,  
 Will we sing, and bless this place.

### SONG AND DANCE.

*Ole.* Now, until the break of day,  
 Through this house each fairy stray.  
 To the best bride-bed will we,  
 Which by us shall blessed be;

And the issue, there create,  
Ever shall be fortunate.  
So shall all the couples three  
Ever true in loving be:  
And the blots of nature's hand  
Shall not in their issue stand;  
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,  
Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
Despised in nativity,  
Shall upon their children be,—  
With this field-dew consecrate,  
Every fairy take his gait;  
And each several chamber bless,  
Through this palace, with sweet peace:  
E'er shall it in safety rest,  
And the owner of it blest.

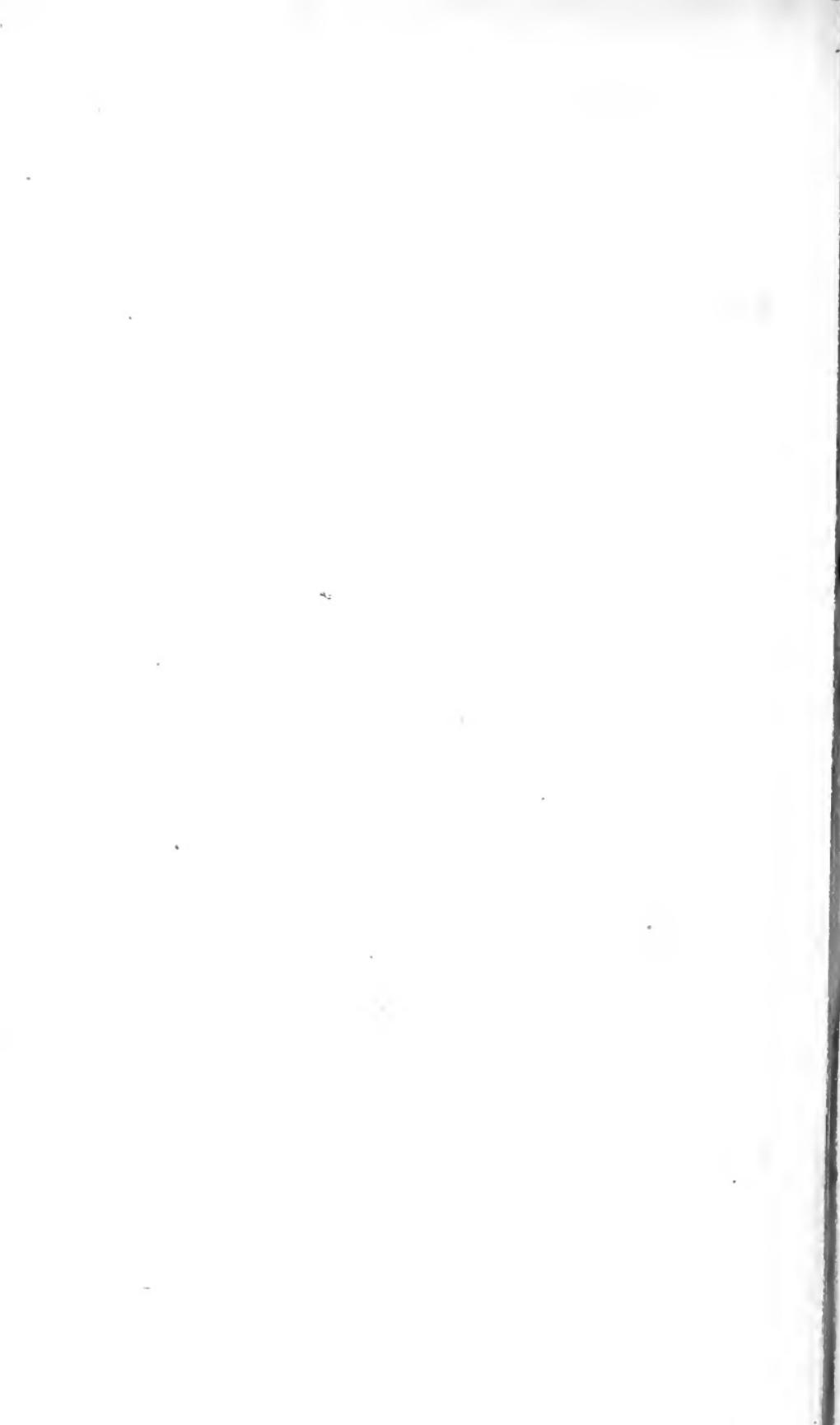
Trip away;  
Make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and Train.*]

*Puck. If we shadows have offendèd,*  
*Think but this, (and all is mended,)*  
*That you have but slumber'd here,*  
*While these visions did appear.*  
*And this weak and idle theme,*  
*No more yielding but a dream,*  
*Gentles, do not reprehend;*  
*If you pardon, we will mend.*  
*And, as I'm an honest Puck,*  
*If we have unearned luck*

*Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,  
We will make amends, ere long:  
Else the Puck a liar call.  
So, good night unto you all.  
Give me your hands, if we be friends,  
And Robin shall restore amends.* [Exit.]



## ANNOTATIONS

UPON THE

### MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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<sup>1</sup> *Long withering out a young man's revenue.]* Mr. Warburton would read *wintering on* for *withering out*: Dr. Johnson, however, is in the right when he says that as he cannot perceive that the common reading is not good English, therefore he finds no temptation to change it.

<sup>2</sup> —*gawds,*] i. e. bawbles, toys, trifles. This word is common to Shakspeare. See *King John*, Act 3. Scene 5.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Or to her death according to our law.]* By a law of Solon, parents had an absolute power of life and death over their children. So it suited the poet's purpose well enough, to suppose the Athenians had it before.—Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter.

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *To leave the figure, or disfigure it.]* The sense is, *you owe to your father a being which he may at pleasure continue or destroy.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Know of your youth.]* Reflect on the desires attendant on youth.

<sup>6</sup> *spotted*—] as *spotless* is innocent, so *spotted* is wicked. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Beteem them.*] Give them, bestow upon them. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Too high to be intrall'd to low,*] *enthralled to love* was in all the copies till Theobald restored the meaning. The antithesis is exactly the same between *high* and *low* as between *old* and *young* immediately after.

<sup>9</sup> *Collied night*—] *Collied* is used for dark or black as a coal.

<sup>10</sup> *That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth.*] Mr. Warburton's interpretation of *spleen* in this place, appears very just, *a sudden, hasty fit.* In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* Shakspeare uses, on the contrary, *sudden* for *splenetic*.

<sup>11</sup> *Your eyes are lode-stars.*] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode-star is the *leading* or guiding star, i. e. the Pole Star. The magnet is for the same reason called the load-stone, either because it leads iron or guides the sailor.

JOHNSON.

<sup>12</sup> —*or a part to tear a cat in.*] We should read,

*A part to tear a cap in.*

for as a ranting whore was called a *tear-sheet*, [2d Part of *Hen. IVth.*.] so a ranting bully was called a *tear-cap*. For this reason it is, the poet makes *tully Bottom*, as he is called afterwards, wish for *a part to tear a cap in*. And in the ancient plays, the bombast and

the rant held the place of the sublime and pathetic: and indeed constituted the very essence of their tragical farces. Thus *Bale* in his *Acts of English Voraries, Part II*, says,—*grennyng like termaguan tes in a play.*

WARBURTON.

In the old comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, 1611, there is a character called *Tear-cat*, who says, “I am called, by those who have seen my valour, *Tear-cat*.” In an anonymous piece called *Histriomastix*, or the *Player whipt*, 1610, in six Acts, a parcel of soldiers drag a company of players on the stage, and the captain says, “Sirrah, this is you that would rend and *tear a cat* upon a stage,” &c. Again,

In *The Isle of Gulls*, a Comedy by J. Day, 1606. “I had rather hear two such jests, than a whole play of such *Tear-cat* thunderclaps.” STEEVENS.

<sup>13</sup>—*you may speak as small as you will.]* This passage shews how the want of women on the old stage was supplied. If they had not a young man who could perform the part with a face that might pass for feminine, the character was acted in a mask, which was, at that time, a part of a lady’s dress so much in use, that it did not give any unusual appearance to the scene: and he that could modulate his voice in a female tone might play the woman very successfully. It is observed in Down’s *Memoirs of the Playhouse*, that one of these counterfeit heroines moved the passions more strongly than the women that have since been brought upon the stage. Some of the catastrophes of the old comedies, which make

lovers marry the wrong women, are, by recollection of the common use of masks, brought nearer to probability.

JOHNSON.

<sup>14</sup> — *you must play Thisby's mother.*] There seems a double forgetfulness of our poet, in relation to the characters of this interlude. The father and mother of Thisby, and the father of Pyramus, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the interlude; but Wall and Moonshine are both employed in it, of whom there is not the least notice taken here.

THEOBALD.

<sup>15</sup> — *I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, &c.*] Johnson, who remarks in a note at the beginning of the scene, that Shakspeare takes advantage of his knowledge of the stage to ridicule the competitions and prejudices of the players, adds here that Bottom discovers a true genius for the stage by his solicitude for propriety of dress, and his deliberation, which beard to choose among many beards, all unnatural.

<sup>16</sup> *Some of your French-crowns have no hair at all—*] That is, a head from which the hair has fallen in one of the last stages of the *lues venera*, called the *carona veneris*. To this our poet has frequent allusions.

STLEEVENS.

<sup>17</sup> *hold, or cut bow-strings.*] This proverbial phrase came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word, that their *bow-strings* were *broke*, i. e. their arms unser-

viceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially—*hold or cut bow-strings*—i. e. whether the bow-string held or broke; for *cut* is used as a neuter verb like *frets*. As when we say, *the string frets*, *the silk frets*, for the passive, *it is cut or fretted*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>18</sup> *To dew her orbs upon the green.*] The *orbs* here meant, are the *circles* supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairy's care to water them. JOHNSON.

<sup>19</sup> *The cowslips tall her pensioners be.*] The cow-slip was a favourite among the fairies.

<sup>20</sup> —*changeling.*] Changeling is commonly used for the child supposed to be left by the fairies, but here for a child taken away. JOHNSON.

<sup>21</sup> —*or spangled star-light sheen.*] Sheen is shining, bright, gay.

<sup>22</sup> *But they do square;*] to square here is to quarrel. The French word *contrecarrer* has the same import.

JOHNSON.

<sup>23</sup> *Robin Good-fellow.*] This account of Robin Good-fellow corresponds, in every article, with that given of him in *Harsenet's Declaration*, chap. xx. p. 134: “ And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Good-fellow, the Frier, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or

the ale in the fat never would have good head. But if a Peeter penny, or an housle-egge were beturned, or a patch of tythe unpaid, then 'ware of bull-beggars, spirits,' &c. He is mentioned by Cartwright as a spirit particularly fond of disconcerting and disturbing domestic peace and œconomy.      T. WARTON.

<sup>24</sup> *Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,  
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn:]*

The sense of these lines is confused. *Are not you he,* says the fairy, *that fright the country girls, that skim the milk, work in the hand-mill, and make the tired dairy woman churn without effect?* The mention of the mill seems out of place, for she is not now telling the good, but the evil he does. I would regulate the lines thus:

*"And sometimes make the breathless housewife churn  
" Skim milk, and bootless labour in the quern."*

or by a simple transposition of the lines:

*"And bootless make the breathless housewife churn  
" Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern."*

Yet there is no necessity of alteration. JOHNSON.

<sup>25</sup> —no barm:] *Barm* is a name for yeast, yet used in our midland counties, and universally in Ireland. So in *Mother Bombie*, a Comedy, 1594: "It behoved my wits to work like *barme*, alias yeast." Again in *The Humorous Lieutenant* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

*"I think my brains will work yet without barms."*

STEEVENS.

<sup>26</sup> *And tailor cries—*] He that slips beside his chair falls as a tailor squats upon his board; hence the custom of crying *tailor* at a sudden fall backwards.

<sup>27</sup> *And never since the middle summer's spring.]* That is the beginning of the middle summer, or Mid-summer. Spring for beginning he again uses. iid Part Hen. IV.

“ As flaws congealed in the *spring* of day.”

<sup>28</sup> *pelting river—*] Without any reasonable etymology, our author uses *pelting* for *mean, despicable, petty*. In *Measure for Measure*, he says, *petty, pelting officer.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>29</sup> The nine men's morris is *filled up with mud:*] *The nine men's morris* was a game something like draughts; played by rusticks on a square cut in the ground or turf. See Cotgrave's Dictionary, at the word *Merelles*.

<sup>30</sup> *The human mortals want their winter here;*] should we not read, ‘ *wants their winter here?*’ Shakespeare says *the fold stands empty, the nine men's morris is filled up, the quaint mazes lack their usual tread*, these are all a description of depopulation which is completed in the next lines: “ *winter here,*” (i. e. in the country near Athens, for all the actors are from Athens itself,) “ *wants his mortals to bless the night with hymn and carol.*” It appears to me that, by using this construction, and recurring at each therefore, to the fairies' quarrel as the cause of these disorders, Titania's speech becomes much more intelligible than it is in the common reading.

<sup>31</sup> —*henchman.*] Page of honour. This office was abolished by Queen Elizabeth. GRAY.

<sup>32</sup> *At a fair vestal.*] This is a compliment to Elizabeth, which was wisely enough paid by a poet to a living sovereign. When monarchs, however, have no longer the power to hurt, truth will resume its sacred throne. The political wisdom of this princess is still revered, for the best of reasons, because every act of her history proves her to have possessed it: but her *beauty*, her *mercy*, and her *chastity*, in spite even of Shakespeare, are “like the baseless fabric of a vision,” they “leave not a rack behind.”

<sup>33</sup> *Love-in-idleness.*] Taylor, the water poet, quibbling on the names of plants, mentions this flower,

“When passions are let loose, without a bridle,  
“Then precious *time* is turn'd to *love-in-idle*.”

<sup>34</sup> —*I am invisible.*] I thought proper here to observe that, as Oberon and Puck his attendant, may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their entering; they are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play; and to mix as they please, as spirits, with the other actors, and embroil the plot by their interposition, without being seen or heard but when to their own purpose. THEOBALD.

<sup>35</sup> —*and wood within this wood;*] wood is frantic, mad.

<sup>36</sup> *Come now a roundel;*] a *roundel*, *rondill*, or *roundelay*, is a song beginning and ending with the same sentence. STEEVENS.

Perhaps *roundel* means rather a circular dance in which the parties hold hands.

<sup>37</sup> *Be it ounce—*] The *ounce* is the tiger-cat.

<sup>38</sup> *O, take the sense, &c.]* i. e. “regard my speech with the same innocence as I meant it: in the conversation of those, who know they possess a mutual attachment, suspicion should not be permitted to enter.”

<sup>39</sup> *Speak of all loves,]* *of all loves* is an adjuration more than once used by our author. So *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act 2. Scene 8.

“—— to send her your little page *of all loves.*”

<sup>40</sup> *Enter QUINCE, &c.]* In the time of Shakspeare there were many companies of players, sometimes five at the same time contending for the favour of the public. Of these, some were undoubtedly very unskilful and very poor, and it is probable that the design of this scene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival house, and is therefore honoured with an ass’s head. JOHNSON.

<sup>41</sup> *O Bottom thou art changed! what do I see on thee?]* It is plain by Bottom’s answer that Snout mentioned an ass’s head. Therefore we should read,

Snout. *O Bottom thou art changed! what do I see on thee?* An ass’s head! JOHNSON.

<sup>42</sup> *The ousel-cock,]* i. e. the cock black-bird.

<sup>43</sup> —*the fiery glow-worm’s eyes.]* I know not how Shakspeare, who commonly derived his know-

ledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail.

JOHNSON.

<sup>44</sup> —*nowl*—] A head. Saxon.

<sup>45</sup> —*latch'd the Athenian's eyes.*] Smeared over. *Lecher*, French, to lick or *lacker*, as the varnishers call it.

<sup>46</sup> Extort a poor soul's patience.] Harass, torment.

<sup>47</sup> —*all yon fiery oes.*] O is used for circle.

<sup>48</sup> *Ay do perséver.*] Perséver was the ancient pronunciation of persevere.

<sup>49</sup> —*hind'ring knot grass*—] It appears that knot-grass was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child. So, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*.

“ Should they put him into a strait pair of gaskins, 'twere worse than *knot-grass*, he would never grow after it.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>50</sup> *Thou shalt aby it,*] i. e. pay dear for it.

<sup>51</sup> Jack shall have Jill, &c.] These three last lines are to be found among Heywood's Epigrams on three hundred proverbs.

STEEVENS.

<sup>52</sup> —*neif.*] i. e. fist.

<sup>53</sup> —*the female ivy*—] The ivy is called female as needing the support of some tree—this tree in poetry is stiled its husband.

<sup>54</sup> —*of all these five the sense,*] i. e. the five who lay asleep on the stage, viz. Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, Helena, and Bottom.

<sup>55</sup> so flew'd, so sanded.] *Flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound: and *sanded* means of a sandy colour, one true mark of a blood-hound.

<sup>56</sup> —*Saint Valentine is past.*] Alluding to the old saying, that birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day.

STEEVENS.

<sup>57</sup> *And I have found Demetrius like a JEWEL,*

*Mine own, and not mine own.—]* Hermia had observed that things appeared double to her. Helena replies, *so methinks*; and then subjoins, that Demetrius was like a *jewel*, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to something which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another. Not the property sure of a jewel: or, if you will, of none but a false one. We should read,

*And I have found Demetrius like a GEMELL,*  
*Mine own, and not mine own.*

From *Gemellus*, a *twin*. For Demetrius had that night acted two such different parts, that she could hardly think them played by the same Demetrius; but that there were twin Demetrius's, like the two Sosia's in the Farce. From *Gemellus* comes the French *Gemeau* or *Jumeau*, and in the feminine, *Gemelle* or *Jumelle*: So in Maçon's translation of *The Decameron of Boccace*—*Il avait trois filles plus agées que les masles, des quelles les deux qui etaient JUMELLES avaient quinze ans.* Quatr. Jour. Nov. 3.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is ingenious enough to deserve to be true.

JOHNSON.

<sup>58</sup> *I never may believe, &c.]* These beautiful lines are in all the old editions thrown out of metre. They are very well restored by the later editors.

JOHNSON.

<sup>59</sup> *constancy.]* Consistency; stability; certainty.

<sup>60</sup> *The thrice three Muses mourning for the death  
Of learning, &c.—]* I do not know whether

it has been before observed, that Shakspeare here, perhaps, alludes to Spencer's poem, entitled, *The tears of the Muses, on the Neglect and Contempt of Learning*. This piece first appeared, in quarto, with others, in 1591. The oldest edition of this play now known is dated 1600. If Spencer's poem be here intended, may we not presume that there is some earlier edition of this. But however, if the allusion be allowed, it seems to bring the play below 1591.

WARTON.

<sup>61</sup> *—keen and critical.]* Critical means here *criticizing, censuring*.

<sup>62</sup> *Unless you can find sport in their intents.]* Thus all the copies. But as I know not what it is to stretch and *con* an intent, I suspect a line to be lost.

JOHNSON.

<sup>63</sup> *—the prologue is addrest.]* i. e. ready.

<sup>64</sup> *—like a child on a recorder.]* A recorder is a kind of flute. It is found in very many of the old plays.

STEEVENS.

<sup>65</sup> *Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade.]* Mr. Upton rightly observes, that Shakspeare in this

line ridicules the affectation of beginning many words with the same letter. He might have remarked the same of

*The raging rocks  
And shivering shocks.*

Gascoigne, contemporary with our poet, remarks and blames the same affectation. JOHNSON.

This alliteration seems to have reached the height of its fashion in the reign of Hen. VIII. The following stanza is quoted from a poem *On the Fall and evil Success of Rebellion*, written in 1537, by Wilfride Holme.

“ Loe, leprous burdeins, lubricke in loquacitie,  
“ Vah, vaporous villeins, with venim vulnerate,  
“ Proh, prating parenticides, plexious to pinnositie,  
“ Fie, frantike fabulators, furibund, and fatuate,  
“ Out oblatrant, oblict, obstacle, and obecate,  
“ Ah addict algors, in acerbitee acclamant,  
“ Magnate in mischief, malicious to mugilate,  
“ Repriving your Roy so renowned and radiant.”

In Tasser's *Husbandry*, page 104, there is a poem of which every word begins with a t. STEEVENS.

I have heard of a Latin poem, *Pugna Porcorum*, in which every word begins with a p.

<sup>66</sup> *And like Limander, &c.]* Limander and Helen, are spoken by the blundering Player for Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus for Cephalus and Procris.

JOHNSON.

<sup>67</sup> —*in snuff.]* An equivocation. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle, and hasty anger. JOHNSON.

<sup>68</sup> —and prove an ass.] The character of Theseus in this play is more exalted in his humanity, than in his greatness. Though some sensible observations on life, and animated descriptions fall from him, as it is said of Iago, *you should taste him more as a soldier than as a wit*, which is a distinction he is here striving to deserve, though with little success; as in support of his pretensions he never rises higher than a *pun*, and frequently sinks as low as a *quibble*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>69</sup> A Bergomask dance,] is, (as Sir T. H. observes in his Glossary), a dance after the manner of the peasants of *Bergomasco*, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. All the buffoons in *Italy* affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that people, and from thence it became a custom to imitate their manner of dancing.

STEEVENS.

<sup>70</sup> —foredone.] i. e. overcome.

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.



REMARKS  
ON THE  
PLOT, THE FABLE, AND CONSTRUCTION  
OF  
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

---

I HAVE not been hitherto so lucky as to discover any novel on which this comedy seems to have been founded, and yet the story of it has most of the features of an ancient romance. STEEVENS.

In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

## *Persons Represented.*

---

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

BIRON,

LONGAVILLE, } *Lords, attending on the King.*

DUMAIN,

BOYET, } *Lords, attending on the Princess of*  
MERCADE, } *France.*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

SIR NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*

HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*

DULL, *a Constable.*

COSTARD, *a Clown.*

MOTH, *Page to ARMADO.*

A Forester.

*Princess of France.*

ROSALINE,

MARIA, } *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*

KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, *a country Wench.*

*Officers and others, attendants on the King and  
Princess.*

SCENE, *Navarre.*

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

---

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it.*

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*

King. LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death ;  
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,  
The endeavour of this present breath may buy  
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,  
And make us heirs of all eternity.  
Therefore, brave conquerors !—for so you are,  
That war against your own affections,  
And the huge army of the world's desires,—  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force :  
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;  
Our court shall be a little Academe,  
Still and contemplative in living art.  
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,  
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,

My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,  
That are recorded in this schedule here:  
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;  
That his own hand may strike his honour down,  
That violates the smallest branch herein:  
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,  
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

*Long.* I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast;  
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:  
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

*Dum.* My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;  
The grosser manner of these world's delights  
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:  
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;  
With all these living in philosophy<sup>1</sup>.

*Biron.* I can but say their protestation over,  
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,  
That is, To live and study here three years.  
But there are other strict observances:  
As, not to see a woman in that term;  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:  
And, one day in a week to touch no food;  
And but one meal on every day beside;  
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:  
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,  
And not be seen to wink of all the day;  
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,  
And make a dark night too of half the day;)  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.

O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;  
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

*King.* Your oath has pass'd to pass away from these.

*Biron.* Let me say, no, my liege, an if you please;  
I only swore, to study with your grace,  
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

*Long.* You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

*Biron.* By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.  
What is the end of study? let me know.

*King.* Why, that to know, which else we should  
not know.

*Biron.* Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from  
common sense?

*King.* Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

*Biron.* Come on then, I will swear to study so,  
To know the thing I am forbid to know:  
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid<sup>2</sup>;

Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid:

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,  
Study to break it, and not break my troth.  
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite,  
And train our intellects to vain delight.

*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain; but that most  
vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book,  
 To seek the light of truth; while truth the while  
 Doth falsely blind <sup>3</sup> the eyesight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:  
 So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
 Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.  
 Study me how to please the eye indeed,  
 By fixing it upon a fairer eye;  
 Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,  
 And give him light that was it blinded by.  
 Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
 That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks;  
 Small have continual plodders ever won,  
 Save base authority from others' books.  
 These earthly godfathers of heav'n's lights,  
 That give a name to every fixed star,  
 Have no more profit of their shining nights,  
 Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.  
 Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;  
 And every godfather can give a name.

*King.* How well he's read, to reason against reading!  
*Dum.* Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding<sup>+</sup>!  
*Long.* He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.  
*Biron.* The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.  
*Dum.* How follows that?  
*Biron.* Fit in his place and time:  
*Dum.* In reason nothing.  
*Biron.* Something then in rhyme.

*Long.* Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,  
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

*Biron.* Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,  
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows; }  
But like of each thing, that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

*King.* Well, sit you out: go home, Biron, adieu!

*Biron.* No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay  
with you:

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

*King.* How well this yielding rescues thee from }  
shame!

*Biron.* [Reads.] Item, *That no woman shall come  
within a mile of my court.*—

And hath this been proclaim'd?

*Long.* Four days ago.

*Biron.* Let's see the penalty.

[Reads.]—*On pain of losing her tongue.*—

Who devis'd this?

*Long.* Marry, that did I.

*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why?

*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

*Biron.* A dangerous law against gentility<sup>5</sup>!

[Reads.] Item, *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such publick shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.—*

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy  
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and cōplete majesty,—  
About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:  
Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

*King.* What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

*Biron.* So study evermore is overshot;  
While it doth study to have what it would,  
It doth forget to do the thing it should:  
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,  
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

*King.* We must, of force, dispense with this decree;  
She must lie here, on mere necessity.

*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn  
Three thousand times within this three years'  
space:

For every man with his affects is born:

Not by might master'd, but by special grace<sup>6</sup>:

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,  
I am forsown on mere necessity.—  
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subscribes.*

And he that breaks them in the least degree,  
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions are to others, as to me;  
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,  
I am the last that will last keep his oath.  
But is there no quick recreation granted?

*King.* Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is  
haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;  
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:  
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue  
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;

A man of complements, whom right and wrong  
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,  
For interim to our studies, shall relate,  
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.  
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;  
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,  
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

*Biron.* Armado is a most illustrious wight,  
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

*Long.* Costard the swain, and he, shall be our  
sport;  
And, so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.*

*Dull.* Which is the duke's own person?

*Biron.* This, fellow; What would'st?

*Dull.* I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough<sup>7</sup>: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

*Biron.* This is he.

*Dull.* Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

*Cost.* Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

*King.* A letter from the magnificent Armado.

*Biron.* How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

*Long.* A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience!

*Biron.* To hear? or forbear hearing?

*Long.* To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

*Biron.* Well, sir, be it as the stile shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

*Cost.* The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

*Biron.* In what manner?

*Cost.* In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner

and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman:—for the form,—in some form.

*Biron.* For the following, sir?

*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction: And God defend the right!

*King.* Will you hear this letter with attention?

*Biron.* As we would hear an oracle.

*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

*King.* [reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—*

*Cost.* Not a word of Costard yet.

*King.* So it is,—

*Cost.* It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true, but so, so.

*King.* Peace.

*Cost.*—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

*King.* No words.

*Cost.*—of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

*King.* So it is, besieged with sable colour'd melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physick of thy health-giving air: and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time, when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground

*which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,*

*Cost.* Me.

*King.—that unletter'd small-knowing soul,*

*Cost.* Me.

*King.—that shallow vassal,*

*Cost.* Still me.

*King.—which, as I remember, hight Costard,*

*Cost.* O me!

*King.—sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—  
with—O with—but with this I passion to say where-with.*

*Cost.* With a wench.

*King.—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.*

*Dull.* Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

*King.* For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado.

*Biron.* This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

*King.* Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

*Cost.* Sir, I confess the wench.

*King.* Did you hear the proclamation?

*Cost.* I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

*King.* It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

*Cost.* I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

*King.* Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

*Cost.* This was no damosel neither; sir, she was a virgin.

*King.* It is so varied too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.

*Cost.* If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

*King.* This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

*Cost.* This maid will serve my turn, sir.

*King.* Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

*Cost.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

*King.* And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—  
My lord Biron see him deliver'd o'er.—  
And go we, lords, to put in practice that  
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt.*]

*Biron.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—  
Sirrah, come on.

*Cost.* I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Another part of the same. Armado's House.*

*Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

*Arm.* Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

*Moth.* A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

*Arm.* Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp<sup>8</sup>.

*Moth.* No, no; O lord, sir, no.

*Arm.* How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

SHAKESPEARE



### LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir; that he will look sad.

Act I. Sc. 2.



*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the working,  
my tough senior.

*Arm.* Why tough senior? why tough senior?

*Moth.* Why tender juvenal? Why tender juvenal?

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent  
epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we  
may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title  
to your old time, which we may name tough.

*Arm.* Pretty, and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my say-  
ing apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.

*Moth.* Little pretty, because little: Wherefore  
apt?

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?

*Arm.* In thy condign praise.

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

*Arm.* What? that an eel is ingenious?

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou  
heat'st my blood.

*Moth.* I am answer'd, sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be cross'd.

*Moth.* He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love  
not him<sup>9</sup>. [Aside.]

*Arm.* I have promised to study three years with  
the duke.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, sir.

*Arm.* Impossible.

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

*Moth.* You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

*Arm.* I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

*Moth.* Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the base vulgar do call, three.

*Arm.* True.

*Moth.* Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you <sup>10</sup>.

*Arm.* A most fine figure!

*Moth.* To prove you a cypher. [Aside.]

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so I am in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd court'sy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

*Moth.* Hercules, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear

boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* Sampson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Moth.* As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

*Arm.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

*Moth.* It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetical!

*Moth.* If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

*Arm.* I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

*Moth.* To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master. [Aside.]

*Arm.* Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Arm.* I say, sing.

*Moth.* Forbear till this company be past.

*Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.*

*Dull.* Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight; nor no penance; but a'must fast three days a-week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing — Maid.

*Jaq.* Man.

*Arm.* I will visit thee at the lodge.

*Jaq.* That's hereby.

*Arm.* I know where it is situate.

*Jaq.* Lord, how wise you are!

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaq.* With that face?

*Arm.* I love thee.

*Jaq.* So I heard you say.

*Arm.* And so farewell.

*Jaq.* Fair weather after you!

*Dull.* Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*]

*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

*Cost.* Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.

*Cost.* I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Arm.* Take away this villain; shut him up.

*Moth.* Come, you transgressing slave; away.

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast,  
being loose.

*Moth.* No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt  
to prison.

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of de-  
solation that I have seen, some shall see—

*Moth.* What shall some see?

*Cost.* Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they  
look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in  
their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I  
thank God, I have as little patience as another man;  
and, therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*]

*Arm.* I do affect the very ground, which is base,  
where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot,  
which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn,  
(which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love:  
And how can that be true love, which is falsely at-  
tempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil; there  
is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so  
tempted: and he had an excellent strength: yet was  
Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit.  
Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and  
therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The  
first and second cause will not serve my turn; the  
passado he respects not, the duello he regards not:  
his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to  
subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still,  
drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth.  
Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am

sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit; write pen;  
for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit.

*ACT II. SCENE I.*

*Another Part of the same. A Pavilion and Tents  
at a distance.*

*Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA,  
KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.*

*Boy.* Now, madam, summon up your dearest spi-  
rits:

Consider who the king your father sends;  
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:  
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;  
To parley with the sole inheritor  
Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight  
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.  
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,  
As nature was in making graces dear,  
When she did starve the general world beside,  
And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but  
mean,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;  
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:

I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,  
Than you much willing to be counted wise  
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.  
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,  
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame  
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,  
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,  
No woman may approach his silent court:  
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,  
Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,  
Bold of your worthiness, we single you  
As our best-moving fair solicitor:  
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,  
On serious business, craving quick despatch,  
Imports personal conference with his grace.  
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,  
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

*Boy.* Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.]

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—  
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,  
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

*1 Lord.* Longaville is one.

*Prin.* Know you the man?

*Mar.* I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,  
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir  
Of Jacques Faulconbridge solémnized,  
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:  
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;  
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:

Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.  
 The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,  
 (If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)  
 Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;  
 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills  
 It should none spare that come within his power.

*Prin.* Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

*Mar.* They say so most, that most his humours  
 know.

*Prin.* Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they  
 grow.

Who are the rest?

*Kath.* The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd  
 youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:  
 Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;  
 For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,  
 And shape to win grace though he had no wit.  
 I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;  
 And much too little of that good I saw,  
 Is my report to his great worthiness.

*Rosa.* Another of these students at that time  
 Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,  
 Biron they call him; but a merrier man,  
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
 I never spent an hour's talk withal:  
 His eye begets occasion for his wit;  
 For every object that the one doth catch,  
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;  
 Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor,)

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God bless my ladies ! are they all in love ;  
That every one her own hath garnished  
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

*Mar.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter BOYET.*

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord ?

*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;  
And he, and his competitors in oath,  
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,  
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,  
He rather means to lodge you in the field,  
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,) Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Here comes Navarre. [The *Ladies mask.*

*Enter King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.*

*King.* Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

*Prin.* Fair, I give you back again : and, welcome I have not yet : the roof of this court is too high to be yours ; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

*King.* You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

*King.* Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

*Prin.* Our lady help my lord! he'll be forswn.

*King.* Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

*King.* Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

*Prin.* Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,  
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it:

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold;

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me,

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper.*]

*King.* Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

*Prin.* You will the sooner, that I were away;  
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

*Biron.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Biron.* I know, you did.

*Ros.* How needless was it then  
To ask the question!

*Biron.* You must not be so quick.

*Ros.* 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such  
questions.

*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill  
tire.

*Ros.* Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

*Biron.* What time o' day?

*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.

*Biron.* Now fair befal your mask!

*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers!

*Biron.* And send you many lovers!

*Ros.* Amen, so you be none.

*Biron.* Nay, then will I be gone.

*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

Being but the one half of an entire sum,

Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)

Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,

One part of Aquitain is bound to us,

Although not valued to the money's worth.

If then the king your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfied,

We will give up our right in Aquitain,

And hold fair friendship with his majesty.

But that, it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repaid

An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns<sup>11</sup>,

To have his title live in Aquitain:

Which we much rather had depart withal,

And have the money by our father lent,

Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far

From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,  
And go well satisfied to France again.

*Prin.* You do the king my father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,  
In so unseeming to confess receipt  
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

*King.* I do protest I never heard of it;  
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,  
Or yield up Aquitain.

*Prin.* We arrest your word:—

Boyet, you can produce acquittances,  
For such a sum, from special officers  
Of Charles his father.

*King.* Satisfy me so.

*Boyet.* So please your grace, the packet is not come,

Where that and other specialities are bound;  
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

*King.* It shall suffice me: at which interview  
All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,  
As honour, without breach of honour, may  
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:  
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;  
But here without you shall be so received,  
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,  
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.  
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:  
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

*King.* Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[*Exeunt King and his train.*]

*Biron.* Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

*Ros.* 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

*Biron.* I would, you heard it groan.

*Ros.* Is the fool sick?

*Biron.* Sick at the heart.

*Ros.* Alack, let it blood.

*Biron.* Would that do it good?

*Ros.* My physick says, I.

*Biron.* Will you prick't with your eye?

*Ros.* No *poynt*, with my knife.

*Biron.* Now, God save thy life!

*Ros.* And yours from long living!

*Biron.* I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.]

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that same?

*Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Rosalin her name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

[Exit.]

*Long.* I beseech you, a word; What is she in the white?

*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

*Long.* Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself; to desire that,  
were a shame.

*Long.* Pray, you, sir, whose daughter?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard<sup>12</sup>!

*Boyet.* Good sir, be not offended:  
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended.  
She is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[*Exit Long.*

*Biron.* What's her name, in the cap?

*Boyet.* Katharine, by good hap.

*Biron.* Is she wedded, or no?

*Boyet.* To her will, sir, or so.

*Biron.* You are welcome, sir; adieu!

*Boyet.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit Biron.* *Ladies unmask.*

*Mar.* That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;  
Not a word with him but a jest.

*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.

*Prin.* It was well done of you, to take him at his  
word.

*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple, as he was to  
board.

*Mar.* Too hot sheeps, marry!

*Boyet.* And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish  
the jest?

*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.]

*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several they be<sup>13</sup>.

*Boyet.* Belonging to whom?

*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.

*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles agree:

The civil war of wits were much better used  
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

*Boyet.* If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)  
By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes,  
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

*Prin.* With what?

*Boyet.* With that which we lovers intitle, affected.

*Prin.* Your reason?

*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:  
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,  
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:  
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,  
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;  
All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:  
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;  
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they  
were glass'd,  
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.

His face's own margent did quote such amazes,  
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:  
 I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,  
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

*Prin.* Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—

*Boyet.* But to speak that in words, which his eye  
 hath disclos'd:

I only have made a mouth of his eye,  
 By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st  
 skilfully.

*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news  
 of him.

*Ros.* Then was Venus like her mother; for her  
 father is but grim.

*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches?

*Mar.* No.

*Boyet.* What then, do you see?

*Ros.* Ay, our way to be gone.

*Boyet.* You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III. SCENE I.

*Another Part of the same.*

*Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

*Arm.* Warble, child; make passionate my sense of  
 hearing.

*Moth.* Concolinel<sup>14</sup>—

[*Singing.*

*Arm.* Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

*Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a French brawl<sup>15</sup>?

*Arm.* How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

*Moth.* No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note; and sing a note: sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms cross'd on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting<sup>16</sup>; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches—that would be betray'd without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

*Arm.* How hast thou purchased this experience?

*Moth.* By my penny of observation.

*Arm.* But O,—but O,—

*Moth.* —the hobby-horse is forgot<sup>17</sup>.

*Arm.* Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?

*Moth.* No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

*Arm.* Almost I had.

*Moth.* Negligent student! learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart, and in heart, boy.

*Moth.* And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove?

*Moth.* A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

*Arm.* I am all these three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

*Moth.* A message well sympathised; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

*Arm.* Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

*Moth.* Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short; away.

*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?  
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

*Moth.* *Minimè*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

*Arm.* I say, lead is slow.

*Moth.* You are too swift, sir, to say so:  
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetorick!  
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—  
I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump then, and I flee. [Exit.]

*Arm.* A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.  
My herald is return'd.

*Re-enter Moth and Costard.*

*Moth.* A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken in a shin.

*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*<sup>18</sup>;—begin.

*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in the mail<sup>19</sup>, sir: O sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a salve?

*Moth.* Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

*Arm.* No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.  
I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

*Moth.* I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the moral again.

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three:

*Moth.* Until the goose came out of door,  
And stay'd the odds, by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow  
with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three:

*Arm.* Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds, by adding four.

*Moth.* A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; Would  
you desire more?

*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose,  
that's flat:—

Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be  
fat.—

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and  
loose:

Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither: How did this  
argument begin?

*Moth.* By saying, that a *Costard* was broken in a  
shin.

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

*Cost.* True, and I for a plantain; Thus came your  
argument in:

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;  
And he ended the market<sup>20</sup>.

*Arm.* But tell me; how was there a Costard broken  
in a shin?

*Moth.* I will tell you sensibly.

*Cost.* Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will  
speak that *l'envoy* :—

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,  
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

*Arm.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*Cost.* Till there be more matter in the shin.

*Arm.* Sirrah Costard; I will enfranchise thee.

*Cost.* O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some  
*l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

*Arm.* By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at  
liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immur'd,  
restrained, captivated, bound.

*Cost.* True, true; and now you will be my purga-  
tion, and let me loose.

*Arm.* I give thee thy liberty, set thee from dur-  
ance: and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but  
this: Bear this significant to the country maid Jaque-  
netta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him money*;]  
for the best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my  
dependants. Moth, follow. [Exit.]

*Moth.* Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu.

*Cost.* My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony  
Jew<sup>21</sup>!— [Exit *Moth.*]

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remunera-  
tion! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings:

three farthings—remuneration—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny.—No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter BIRON.*

*Biron.* O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

*Cost.* Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

*Biron.* What is a remuneration?

*Cost.* Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

*Biron.* O, why then three-farthings-worth of silk.

*Cost.* I thank your worship: God be with you!

*Biron.* O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:  
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,  
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, sir?

*Biron.* O, this afternoon.

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, sir; Fare you well.

*Biron.* O, thou knowest not what it is.

*Cost.* I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

*Biron.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*Cost.* I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

*Biron.* It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,  
And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her  
name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;

And to her white hand see thou do command

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

[*Gives him money.*

*Cost.* Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Guerdon—remuneration.

[*Exit.*

*Biron.* O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critick; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,

Sole imperator, and great general

Of trotting paritors,—O my little heart!

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a repairing; ever out of frame;

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right?  
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;  
 And, among three, to love the worst of all;  
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,  
 With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;  
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,  
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:  
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!  
 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague  
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect  
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.  
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;  
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan<sup>22</sup>.

[Exit.]

#### *ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*Another Part of the same.*

*Enter the Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE,  
 BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

*Prin.* Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

*Boyet.* I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

*Prin.* Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;

On saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,  
 That we must stand and play the murderer in?

*For.* Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;  
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,  
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

*Prin.* What, what? first praise me, and again say,  
no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

*For.* Yes, madam, fair.

*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now;  
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.  
Here, good my glass<sup>23</sup>, take this for telling true;

[*Giving him money.*

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

*Prin.* See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.  
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—  
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,  
And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:  
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't: .  
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,  
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.  
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;  
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;  
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,  
We bend to that the working of the heart: .  
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill  
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

*Boyet.* Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be  
Lords o'er their lords?

*Prin.* Only for praise: and praise we may afford  
To any lady that subdues a lord.

*Enter COSTARD.*

*Prin.* Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

*Cost.* God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is  
the head lady?

*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest  
that have no heads.

*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

*Prin.* The thickest, and the tallest.

*Cost.* The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth  
is truth.

An your waist mistress, were as slender as my wit,  
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be  
fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest  
here.

*Prin.* What's your will, sir? what's your will?

*Cost.* I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one  
lady Rosaline.

*Prin.* O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend  
of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—*Boyet*, you can carve;  
Break up this capon.

*Boyet.* I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;  
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

*Prin.* We will read it, I swear:  
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give  
ear.

*Boyet.* [reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua<sup>24</sup> set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which to anathomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king? why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? The beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's; The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles? titles; For thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy*

*foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

*Thine, in the dearest design of industry,*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;  
Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?  
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he, that indited  
this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear  
better?

*Boyet.* I am much deceived, but I remember the  
style.

*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere-  
while.

*Boyet.* This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here  
in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho<sup>25</sup>; and one that makes  
sport

To the prince, and his book-mates.

*Prin.* . . . Thou, fellow, a word:  
Who gave thee this letter?

*Cost.* I told you; my lord.

*Prin.* To whom shouldst thou give it?

*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.

*Prin.* From which lord, to which lady?

*Cost.* From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,  
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords,  
away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exit Princess and Train.*

*Boyet.* Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know?

*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.

*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put on!

*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou  
marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put off!

*Ros.* Well then, I am the shooter.

*Boyet.* And who is your deer?

*Ros.* If we choose by the horns, yourself: come  
near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she  
strikes at the brow.

*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit  
her now?

*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,  
that was a man when king Pepin of France was a  
little boy, as touching the hit it?

*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that  
was a woman when queen Guinever<sup>26</sup> of Britain was  
a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it,* [singing.  
*Thou can'st not hit it, my good man.*

Boy whole. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*  
*An I cannot, another can.*

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kat.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

Boy whole. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I'faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boy whole. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boy whole. I fear too much rubbing; good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!  
 Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!  
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it  
were, so fit.

Armatho o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!  
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!  
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly  
a' will swear!—

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!  
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!

Sola, sola!

[*Shouting within.*

[*Exit Costard, running.*

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter HOLOFERNES<sup>27</sup>, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

*Nath.* Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

*Hol.* The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,—blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

*Nath.* Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

*Dull.* 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket<sup>28</sup>.

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, rathertest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

*Dull.* I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Twice sod simplicity, *lis coctus!* O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts  
that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet,  
or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in  
a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,  
*Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.*

*Dull.* You two are book-men: Can you tell by  
your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not  
five weeks old as yet?

*Hol.* Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

*Dull.* What is Dictynna?

*Nath.* A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

*Hol.* The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;

And raught not to five weeks, when he came to fivescore.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity! I say the allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

*Nath.* *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

*Hol.* I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

*The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;*

*Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.*

*The dogs did yell; put l to sore, then sorel jumps  
from thicket;*

*Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a  
hooting.*

*If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O  
sore L<sup>29</sup>!*

*Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one  
more L.*

*Nath.* A rare talent!

*Dull.* If a talent be a claw, look how he claws  
him with a talent.

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

*Hol.* Mehercle, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable<sup>30</sup>, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*: a soul feminine saluteth us.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

*Jaq.* God give you good morrow, master per-  
son.

*Hol.* Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

*Cost.* Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

*Hol.* Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty: it is well.

*Jaq.* Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

*Hol.* <sup>31</sup> *Fauste, precor gelidā quando pecus omne  
sub umbrā*

*Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Veniee;

—————*Vinegia, Vinegia,*

*Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia* <sup>32</sup>.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

*Nath.* Ay, sir, and very learned.

*Hol.* Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

*Nath.* If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!  
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;

Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet fire.

Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,  
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

*Hol.* You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervize the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified: but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

*Jaq.* Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

*Your Ladyship's in all desired employment,* BIRON. Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king: and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

*Jaq.* Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*]

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen.

*Hol.* I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

*Nath.* And thank you too: for society, (scith the text,) is the happiness of life.

*Hol.* And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [To Dull.] I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Another Part of the same.*

*Enter BIRON, with a paper.*

*Biron.* The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again on my side! I will not love: If I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world, but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one of my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the

world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

[Gets up into a tree.]

*Enter the King, with a paper.*

*King.* Ah me!

*Biron.* [aside.] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt, under the left pap:—I'faith secrets.—

*King.* [reads.] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*

*To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote  
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:*

*Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright*

*Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;*

*Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:*

*No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,*

*So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;  
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,*

*And they thy glory through my grief will show:*

*But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep  
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.*

*O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!*

*No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—*

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper; Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[Steps aside.]

*Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

*Biron.* Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear!  
[*Aside.*]

*Long.* Ah me! I am forsworn!  
[*Aside.*]

*Biron.* Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.  
[*Aside.*]

*King.* In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame!  
[*Aside.*]

*Biron.* One drunkard loves another of the name.  
[*Aside.*]

*Long.* Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?  
[*Aside.*]

*Biron.* I could put thee in comfort; not by two,  
that I know:  
[*Aside.*]

Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,  
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

*Long.* I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

*Biron.* O rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:  
[*Aside.*]

Disfigure not his slop<sup>33</sup>.

*Long.* This same shall go.—

[*He reads the sonnet.*]

*Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye  
(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,) )*

*Persuade my heart to this false perjury?*

*Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.*

*A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,*

*Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:*

*My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;*

*Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.*

*Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:*

*Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,  
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:*

*If broken then, it is no fault of mine;*

*If by me broke, What fool is not so wise,*

*To lose an oath to win a paradise?*

*Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver vein, which makes  
flesh a deity;*

*A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.*

*God amend us, God amend! we are much out o'the way.*

*Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.*

*Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company!  
stay. [Stepping aside.]*

*Biron. [Aside.] All hid, all hid, an old infant play:  
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,  
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.  
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;  
Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!*

*Dum. O most divine Kate!*

*Biron. O most prophane coxcomb! [Aside.]*

*Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!*

*Biron. By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie.  
[Aside.]*

*Dum.* Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

*Biron.* An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

[*Aside.*]

*Dum.* As upright as the cedar.

*Biron.* Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child.

[*Aside.*]

*Dum.* As fair as day.

*Biron.* Ay, as some days; but then no sun must  
shine. [*Aside.*]

*Dum.* O that I had my wish!

*Long.* And I had mine! [*Aside.*]

*King.* And I mine too, good Lord; [*Aside.*]

*Biron.* Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good  
word? [*Aside.*]

*Dum.* I would forget her; but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood, and will remeber'd be.

*Biron.* A fever in your blood? why, then incision  
Would let her out in saucers; Sweet misprision!

[*Aside.*]

*Dum.* Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

*Biron.* Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

[*Aside.*]

*Dum.* *On a day, (alack the day!)*

*Love, whose month is ever May,*

*Spied a blossom, passing fair,*

*Playing in the wanton air:*

*Through the velvet leaves the wind,*

*All unseen, 'gan passage find;*

*That the lover, sick to death,*

*Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.*

*Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
 Air, would I might triumph so!  
 But alack, my hand is sworn,  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;  
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.  
 Do not call it sin in me,  
 That I am forsworn for thee :  
 Thou for whom even Jove would swear,  
 Juno but an Æthiop were;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love.—*

This will I send; and something else more plain,  
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain.  
 O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,  
 Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,  
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;  
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

*Long.* Dumain, [advancing,] thy love is far from  
 charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society :  
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,  
 To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

*King.* Come, sir, [advancing,] you blush; as his  
 your case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much:  
 You do not love Maria; Longaville  
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile;  
 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart  
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.

I have been closely shrouded in this bush,  
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.  
 I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;  
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your pas-  
 sion:

Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;  
 One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:  
 You would for paradise break faith and troth;

[*To Long.*

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[*To Dumain.*

What will Birón say, when that he shall hear  
 A faith infring'd, which such a zeal did swear?  
 How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?  
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?  
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,  
 I would not have him know so much by me.

*Biron.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—  
 Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:

[*Descends from the tree.*

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove  
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?  
 Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,  
 There is no certain princess that appears:  
 You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;  
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.  
 But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,  
 All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?  
 You found his mote; the king your mote did see;  
 But I a beam do find in each of three.

O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,  
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!  
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
 To see a king transformed to a gnat!  
 To see great Hercules whipping a gigg,  
 And profound Solomon to tune a jigg,  
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,  
 And critick Tymon laugh at idle toys!  
 Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?  
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?  
 And where my liege's? all about the breast:—  
 A caudle, ho!

*King.*      Too bitter is thy jest.  
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

*Biron.* Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;  
 I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin  
 To break the vow I am engaged in;  
 I am betray'd, by keeping company  
 With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.  
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?  
 Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time  
 In pruning me? When shall you hear that I  
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,  
 A leg, a limb?—

*King.*      Soft; Whither away so fast?  
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

*Biron.* I post from love; good lover, let me go.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

*Jaq.* God bless the king!

*King.* What present hast thou there?

*Cost.* Some certain treason.

*King.* What makes treason here?

*Cost.* Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

*King.* If it mar nothing neither,

The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

*Jaq.* I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;  
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

*King.* Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*]  
Where hadst thou it?

*Jaq.* Of Costard.

*King.* Where hadst thou it?

*Cost.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

*King.* How now! what is in you? why dost thou  
tear it?

*Biron.* A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs  
not fear it.

*Long.* It did move him to passion, and therefore  
let's hear it.

*Dum.* It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picks up the pieces.*

*Biron.* Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, [To Cos-  
TARD,] you were born to do me shame.—

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

*King.* What?

*Biron.* That you three fools lack'd me fool to make  
up the mess:

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,  
Are pick-purses in loves, and we deserve to die.  
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

*Dum.* Now the number is even.

*Biron.* True, true; we are four:  
Will these turtles be gone?

*King.* Hence, sirs; away.

*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors  
stay. [Exit Costard and Jaquenetta.]

*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us em-  
brace!

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:  
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;

Young blood will not obey an old decree:  
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;  
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsborn.

*King.* What, did these rent lines show some love  
of thine?

*Biron.* Did they, quoth you? Who sees the hea-  
venly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,  
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the beaven of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her majesty?

*King.* What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee  
now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

*Biron.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón:

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty  
 Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;  
 Where several worthies make one dignity;  
 Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.  
 Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—  
 Fie, painted rhetorick! O, she needs it not:  
 To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,  
 She passes praise; then praise too short doth  
 blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,  
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:  
 Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
 And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.  
 O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!  
*King.* By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.  
*Biron.* Is ebony like her! O wood divine!  
 A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?  
 That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,  
 If that she learn not of her eye to look:  
 No face is fair, that is not full so black.  
*King.* O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,  
 The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;  
 And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.  
*Biron.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of  
 light.  
 O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,  
 It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,  
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect;  
 And therefore is she born to make black fair.

- Her favour turns the fashion of the days;  
For native blood is counted painting now;  
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,  
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
- Dum.* To look like her, are chimney-sweepers  
black.
- Long.* And, since her time, are colliers counted  
bright.
- King.* And Ethiops of their sweet complexion  
crack.
- Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
- Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,  
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
- King.* 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you  
plain,  
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
- Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day  
here.
- King.* No devil will fright thee then so much as  
she.
- Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
- Long.* Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face  
see. [Showing his shoe.]
- Biron.* O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,  
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
- Dum.* O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies  
The street should see as she walk'd over head.
- King.* But what of this? Are we not all in love?
- Biron.* O, nothing so sure; and thereby all for-  
sworn.

*King.* Then leave this chat; and, good Birón, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

*Dum.* Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.

*Long.* O, some authority how to proceed;  
Some tricks, some quilletts, how to cheat the devil<sup>34</sup>.

*Dum.* Some salve for perjury.

*Biron.* O, 'tis more than need!—  
Have at you then, affection's men at arms<sup>35</sup>:  
Consider, what you first did swear unto;—  
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—  
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.  
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;  
And abstinence engenders maladies.  
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,  
In that each of you hath forsworn his book:  
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?  
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,  
Have found the ground of study's excellence,  
Without the beauty of a woman's face?  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They are the ground, the books, the academes,  
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.  
Why, universal plodding prisons up  
The nimble spirits in the arteries<sup>36</sup>;  
As motion, and long-during action, tires  
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;

And study too, the causer of your vow :  
For where is any author in the world,  
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?  
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,  
And where we are, our learning likewise is.  
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,  
Do we not likewise see our learning there ?  
O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;  
And in that vow we have forsworn our books :  
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
In leaden contemplation, have found out  
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes  
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with ?  
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;  
And therefore finding barren practisers,  
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :  
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
Lives not alone immured in the brain ;  
But with the motion of all elements,  
Courses as swift as thought in every power ;  
And gives to every power a double power,  
Above their functions and their offices.  
It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;  
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;  
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt ;  
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,  
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;  
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :  
For valour, is not love a Hercules,

Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?  
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair,  
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,  
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;  
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;  
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:  
Then fools you were, these women to forswear;  
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.  
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;  
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;  
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;  
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;  
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,  
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:  
It is religion, to be thus forsworn:  
For charity itself fulfils the law;  
And who can sever love from charity?

*King.* Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

*Biron.* Advance your standards, and upon them,  
lords;

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,  
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

*Long.* Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:  
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

*King.* And win them too: therefore let us devise  
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

*Biron.* First, from the park let us conduct them  
thither;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand  
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon  
We will with some strange pastime solace them,  
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;  
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,  
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

*King.* Away, away! no time shall be omitted,  
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

*Biron.* *Allons! Allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no  
corn;

And justice always whirls in equal measure:  
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;  
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Ereunt.*

### ACT V. SCENE I.

*Another Part of the same.*

*Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

*Hol.* *Satis quod sufficit.*

*Nath.* I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at  
dinner have been sharp and sententious<sup>37</sup>; pleasant  
without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious

without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Den Adriano de Armado.

*Hol.* *Novi hominem tanquam te :* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

*Nath.* A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*

*Hol.* He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantick, lunatick.

*Nath.* *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

*Hol.* *Bone? — bone,* for *lenè:* *Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

*Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.*

*Hol.* *Videsne quis venit?*

*Nath.* *Video, & gaudeo.*

*Arm.* Chirra!

[*To Moth.*

*Hol.* Quare Chirra, not sirrah?

*Arm.* Men of peace, well encounter'd.

*Hol.* Most military sir, salutation.

*Moth.* They have been at a great feast of languages,  
and stolen the scraps. [To Costard aside.]

*Cost.* O, they have lived long on the alms-basket  
of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee  
for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as  
*honorificalitudinitatibus*<sup>38</sup>: thou art easier swal-  
lowed than a flap-dragon.

*Moth.* Peace; the peal begins.

*Arm.* Monsieur, [To Hol.] are you not letter'd?

*Moth.* Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—  
What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

*Hol.* Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

*Moth.* Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You  
hear his learning.

*Hol.* *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

*Moth.* The third of the five vowels, if you repeat  
them; or the fifth, if I.

*Hol.* I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

*Moth.* The sheep: the other two concludes it; o,  
u<sup>39</sup>.

*Arm.* Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterra-  
neum, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit: snip, snap,  
quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

*Moth.* Offer'd by a child to an old man; which  
is wit-old

*Hol.* What is the figure? what is the figure?

*Moth.* Horns.

*Hol.* Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circà*; A gig of a cuckold's horn!

*Cost.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldest thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

*Hol.* O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

*Arm.* Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

*Hol.* Or, *mons*, the hill.

*Arm.* At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

*Hol.* I do, sans question.

*Arm.* Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at the pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

*Hol.* The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

*Arm.* Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For

what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement <sup>40</sup>, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate, and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

*Hol.* Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

*Hol.* Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

*Arm.* Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry: *well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

*Arm.* For the rest of the worthies?

*Hol.* I will play three myself.

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman!

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

*Hol.* *Via,* goodman Dull: thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, sir.

*Holl.* *Allons!* we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

*Holl.* Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.  
 [Exeunt.]

*SCENE II.*

*Another Part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

*Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.*

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,  
 If fairings come thus plentifully in:  
 A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—  
 Look you, what I have from the loving king.

*Ros.* Madam, came nothing else along with that?

*Prin.* Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,  
 As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,  
 Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;  
 That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

*Ros.* That was the way to make his god-head wax<sup>41</sup> ;  
 For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

*Kath.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

*Ros.* You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd  
 your sister.

*Kath.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;  
 And so she died: had she been light, like you,  
 Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,  
 She might have been a grandam ere she died:  
 And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

*Ros.* What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

*Kath.* A light condition in a beauty dark.

*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning out.

*Kath.* You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff;  
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

*Ros.* Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

*Kath.* So do not you; for you are a light wench.

*Ros.* Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

*Kath.* You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

*Ros.* Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.

*Prin.* Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.  
But Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

*Ros.* I would, you knew:  
An if my face were but as fair as yours,  
My favour were as great; be witness this.  
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón:  
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,  
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:  
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.  
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

*Prin.* Any thing like?

*Ros.* Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

*Prin.* Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

*Kath.* Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

*Ros.* 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter:  
O, that your face were not so full of O's!

*Kath.* A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!

*Prin.* But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

*Kath.* Madam, this glove.

*Prin.* Did he not send you twain?

*Kath.* Yes, madam; and moreover,  
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:  
A huge translation of hypocrisy.  
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

*Mar.* This, and these pearls, to me sent Longa-  
ville;

The letter is too long by half a mile.

*Prin.* I think no less; Dost thou not wish in heart,  
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

*Mar.* Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

*Prin.* We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

*Ros.* They are worse fools, to purchase mocking so.  
That same Birón I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week <sup>42</sup>!  
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;  
And wait the season, and observe the times,  
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;  
And shape his service wholly to my behests;  
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!  
So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,  
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

*Prin.* None are so surely caught, when they are  
catch'd,  
As wit turn'd fool: folly in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;  
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool<sup>43</sup>.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,  
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;  
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,  
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*Enter BOYET.*

*Prin.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*Boyet.* O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

*Prin.* Thy news, Boyet?

*Boyet.* Prepare, madam, prepare!—  
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are  
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,  
Armed in arguments: you'll be surpris'd:  
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;  
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

*Prin.* Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid! What are they,

That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

*Boyet.* Under the cool shade of a sycamore,  
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:  
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,  
Toward that shade I might behold address  
The king and his companions: warily  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And overheard what you shall overhear;  
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.  
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:  
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;  
*Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:*  
And ever and anon they made a doubt,  
Presence majestical would put him out;  
*For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see;*  
*Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.*  
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*      "r  
*I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.*  
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;  
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.  
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,  
A better speech was never spoke before:  
Another, with his finger and his thumb,  
Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*  
The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well:*  
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.  
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,  
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to visit us?

*Boyet.* They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—  
Like Muscovites, or Russians <sup>44</sup>: as I guess,  
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:  
And every one his love-feat will advance

Unto his several mistress; which they'll know  
By favours several, which they did bestow.

*Prin.* And will they so? the gallants shall be  
task'd:—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;  
And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—  
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;  
And then the king will court thee for his dear;  
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;  
So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—  
And change you favours too; so shall your loves  
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

*Ros.* Come on then; wear the favours most in  
sight.

*Kath.* But, in this changing, what is your intent?

*Prin.* The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:  
They do it but in mocking merriment;  
And mock for mock is only my intent.  
Their several counsels they unbosom shall  
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,  
Upon the next occasion that we meet,  
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

*Prin.* No; to the death, we will not move a foot:  
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;  
But, while, 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's  
heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

*Prin.* Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt,  
 The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.  
 There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;  
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:  
 So shall we stay, mocking intended game;  
 And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

*Boy whole.* The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers  
 come. [*The ladies mask.*

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,*  
*in Russian habits, and masked; Moth, Musi-*  
*cians, and Attendants.*

*Moth.* All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!  
*Boy whole.* Beauties no richer than rich taffeta<sup>45</sup>.

*Moth.* A holy parcel of the fairest dames,  
 [The ladies turn their backs to him.

*That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!*

*Biron.* Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

*Moth.* That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

*Out—*

*Boy whole.* True; *out*, indeed.

*Moth.* Out of your favours, heavenly spirits,  
 vouchsafe

*Not to behold—*

*Biron.* Once to behold, rogue.

*Moth.* Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,  
 —with your sun-beamed eyes.

*Boy whole.* They will not answer to that epithet;  
 You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

*Moth.* They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

*Biron.* Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

*Ros.* What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will  
That some plain man recount their purposes:  
Know what they would.

*Boyet.* What would you with the princess?

*Biron.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* What would they, say they?

*Boyet.* Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

*Boyet.* She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

*King.* Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,  
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

*Boyet.* They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

*Ros.* It is not so: ask them, how many inches  
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,  
The measure then of one is easily told.

*Boyet.* If, to come hither you have measured miles,  
And many miles; the princess bids you tell,  
How many inches do fill up one mile.

*Biron.* Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

*Boyet.* She hears herself.

*Ros.* How many weary steps,

Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you;  
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,  
That we may do it still without accompt.  
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
That we, like savages, may worship it.

*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

*King.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!  
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars<sup>46</sup>, to shine  
(Those clouds remov'd,) upon our wat'ry eyne.

*Ros.* O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;  
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

*King.* Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one  
change:

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

*Ros.* Play, musick, then: nay, you must do it soon.

[*Musick plays.*

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

*King.* Will you not dance? How come you thus  
estrang'd?

*Ros.* You took the moon at full: but now she's  
chang'd.

*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.  
The musick plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.

*King.* But your legs should do it.

*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by  
chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

*King.* Why take we hands then?

*Ros.* Only to part friends:—

Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

*King.* More measure of this measure; be not nice.

*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.

*King.* Prize you yourselves; What buys your company?

*Ros.* Your absence only.

*King.* That can never be.

*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;  
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

*Ros.* In private then.

*King.* I am best pleas'd with that.

[*They converse apart.*

*Biron.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word  
with thee.

*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

*Biron.* Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so  
nice,)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey;—Well run, dice!

There's half a dozen sweets.

*Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu!

Since you can cog<sup>47</sup>, I'll play no more with you.

*Biron.* One word in secret.

*Prin.* Let it not be sweet.

*Biron.* Thou griev'st my gall.

*Prin.* Gall? bitter.

*Biron.* Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*

*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

*Mar.* Name it.

*Dum.* Fair lady,—

*Mar.* Say you so? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

*Dum.* Please it you,  
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*

*Kath.* What, was your visor made without a tongue?

*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

*Kath.* O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

*Long.* You have a double tongue within your mask,  
And would afford my speechless visor half.

*Bath.* Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal  
a calf?

*Long.* A calf, fair lady?

*Kath.* No, a fair lord calf.

*Long.* Let's par the word.

*Kath.* No, I'll not be your half:  
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

*Long.* Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp  
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

*Kath.* Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

*Long.* One word in private with you ere I die.

*Kath.* Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*

*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen  
As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;  
 Above the sense of sense: so sensible  
 Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,  
 Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter  
 things.

*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids; break off,  
 break off.

*Biron.* By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!  
*King.* Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple  
 wits.

[*Exeunt King, Lords, Moth, Musick, and at-tendants.*

*Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—  
 Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths  
 puff'd out.

*Ros.* Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat,  
 fat.

*Prin.* O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!  
 Will they not, think you, hang themselves to night?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?  
 This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.

*Ros.* O! they were all in lamentable cases!  
 The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

*Prin.* Birón did swear himself out of all suit.

*Mar.* Dumain was at my service, and his sword:  
 No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

*Kath.* Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;  
 And trow you, what he call'd me?

*Prin.* Qualm, perhaps.

*Kath.* Yes, in good faith.

*Prin.* Go, sickness as thou art!

*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps <sup>45</sup>.

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

*Prin.* And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.

*Kath.* And Longaville was for my service born.

*Mar.* Duain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:  
Immediately they will again be here  
In their own shapes; for it can never be,  
They will digest this harsh indignity.

*Prin.* Will they return?

*Boyet.* They will, they will, God knows;  
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:  
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,  
Blow like sweet roses in the summer air.

*Prin.* How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

*Boyet.* Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:  
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,  
Are angels vailing clouds <sup>49</sup>, or roses blown.

*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,  
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

*Ros.* Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,  
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:  
Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear:  
And wonder, what they were; and to what end  
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,

And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
Should be presented at our tent to us.

*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Ros. Kath. and Maria.*

*Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN,*  
*in their proper habits.*

*King.* Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

*Boyet.* Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,  
Command me any service to her thither?

*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

*Boyet.* I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Biron.* This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas;  
And utters it again when God doth please:  
He is wit's pedlar: and retails his wares  
At wakes and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;  
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.  
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;  
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:  
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,  
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;  
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,  
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice  
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing  
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,

Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;  
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet;  
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,  
 To show his teeth as white as whales bone<sup>50</sup>:  
 And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
 Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,  
 That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Enter the Princess, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE,  
 MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.*

*Biron.* See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert  
 thou,

Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now<sup>51</sup>?

*King.* All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of  
 day!

*Prin.* Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*Prin.* Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

*King.* We came to visit you; and purpose now  
 To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

*Prin.* This field shall hold me; and so hold your  
 vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you pro-  
 voke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

*Prin.* You nick-name virtue: vice you should have  
 spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure  
As the unsullied lily, I protest,  
A world of torments though I should endure,  
I would not yield to be your house's guest:  
So much I hate a breaking cause to be  
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

*King.* O, you have liv'd in desolation here,  
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

*Prin.* Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;  
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;  
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

*King.* How, madam? Russians?

*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord;  
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

*Ros.* Madam, speak true:—It is not so my lord;  
My lady, (to the manner of the days,)  
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.  
We four, indeed, confronted were with four  
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,  
And talk'd apace, and in that hour, my lord,  
They did not bless us with one happy word.  
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,  
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

*Biron.* This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle  
sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet  
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,  
By light we lose light: Your capacity  
Is of that nature, that to your huge store  
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich ; for in my eye,—

*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.

*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,  
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

*Biron.* O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

*Ros.* All the fool mine?

*Biron.* I cannot give you less.

*Ros.* Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

*Biron.* Where? when? what visor? why demand  
you this?

*Ros.* There, then, that visor ; that superfluous case,  
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

*King.* We are descried : they'll mock us now  
downright.

*Dum.* Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

*Prin.* Amaz'd, my lord ? Why looks your high-  
ness sad ?

*Ros.* Help, hold his brows : he'll swoon ! Why  
look you pale ?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

*Biron.* Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out ?—

Here stand I, lady ; dart thy skill at me ;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout ;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance ;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit ;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

Oh ! never will I trust to speeches penn'd ,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue ;

Nor never come in visor to my friend;  
 Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:  
 Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,  
 Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,  
 Figures pedantical; these summer-flies  
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:  
 I do forswear them: and I here protest,  
 By this white glove, (how white the hand, God  
 knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeaſ, and honest kerſey noes:  
 And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—  
 My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

*Ros.* Sans sans, I pray you.

*Biron.* Yet I have a trick  
 Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;  
 I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—  
 Write <sup>52</sup>, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;  
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies;  
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:  
 These lords are visited; you are not free,  
 For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

*Prin.* No, they are free, that gave these tokens  
 to us.

*Biron.* Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

*Ros.* It is not so; For how can this be true,  
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue <sup>53</sup>?

*Biron.* Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

*Biron.* Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

*King.* Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression

Some fair excuse.

*Prin.* The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

*King.* Madam, I was.

*Prin.* And were you well advis'd?

*King.* I was, fair madam.

*Prin.* When you then were here,  
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

*King.* That more than all the world I did respect her.

*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

*King.* Upon mine honour, no.

*Prin.* Peace, peace, forbear;  
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

*King.* Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

*Prin.* I will; and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,  
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

*Ros.* Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear  
As precious eye-sight; and did value me  
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,  
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

*Prin.* God give thee joy of him! the noble lord  
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

*King.* What mean you madam? by my life, my troth,  
I never swore this lady such an oath.

*Ros.* By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,  
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

*King.* My faith, and this, the princess I did give;  
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

*Prin.* Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;  
And lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear:—  
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

*Biron.* Neither of either; I remit both twain.—  
I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent,  
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)  
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:  
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,  
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some  
Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in years<sup>54</sup>; and knows the  
trick

To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—  
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,  
The ladies did change favours; and then we,  
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.  
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,  
We are again forsworn; in will and error.  
Much upon this it is:—And might not you, [To Boyet,  
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?  
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire<sup>55</sup>,  
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,  
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?  
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;  
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd.  
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,  
Wounds like a leaden sword.

*Boyet.* Full merrily  
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.  
*Biron.* Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

*Enter COSTARD.*

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.  
*Cost.* O Lord, sir, they would know,  
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

*Biron.* What, are there but three?  
*Cost.* No, sir; but it is vara fine,  
For every one pursents three.

*Biron.* And three times thrice is nine.  
*Cost.* Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope, it is not so:  
You cannot beg us, sir<sup>56</sup>, I can assure you, sir: we know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

*Biron.* Is not nine.  
*Cost.* Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

*Biron.* By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.  
*Cost.* O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

*Biron.* How much is it?  
*Cost.* O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man, —e'en one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

*Biron.* Art thou one of the worthies?

*Cos.* It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

*Biron.* Go, bid them prepare.

*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [Exit Costard.]

*King.* Birón, they will shame us, let them not approach.

*Biron.* We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

*King.* I say, they shall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:  
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents  
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,  
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;  
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

*Enter ARMADO.*

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Armado converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.*]

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God?

*Biron.* Why ask you?

*Prin.* He speaks not like a man of God's making.

*Arm.* That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement!

[*Exit Armado.*

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armando's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Macchabæus. And if these four worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

*Biron.* There is five in the first show.

*King.* You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate a throw at Novum<sup>57</sup>; and the whole world again,

Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[*Seats brought for the King, Princess, &c.*

*Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*

*Enter COSTARD arm'd, for Pompey.*

*Cost.* I Pompey am,—

*Boyet.* You lie, you are not he.

*Cost.* I Pompey am,—

*Boyet.* With libbard's head on knee<sup>53</sup>.

*Biron.* Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

*Cost.* *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,—*

*Dum.* The great.

*Cost.* It is great, sir;—*Pompey surnam'd the great;*  
*That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:*

*And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;*

*And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.*

If your ladyship would say *Thanks, Pompey*, I had done.

*Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

*Cost.* 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, *great*.

*Biron.* My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL arm'd, for Alexander.

*Nath.* *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;*

*By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;*

*My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.*

*Boyet.* Your nose says, no, you are not: for it stands too right.

*Biron.* Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

*Prin.* The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

*Nath.* *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;*—

*Boyet.* Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Ali-sander.

*Biron.* Pompey the great,—

*Cost.* Your servant, and Costárd.

*Biron.* Take away the conqueror, take away Ali-sander.

*Cost.* O, sir, [To *Nath.*] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool, will be given to A-jax: he will be the ninth worthy<sup>59</sup>. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander.

[*Nath. retires.*] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, insooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas, you see, how 'tis;—a little o'er-parted:—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

*Prin.* Stand aside, good Pompey.

*Enter HOLOFERNES arm'd, for Judas, and MOTH arm'd, for Hercules.*

*Hol.* Great Hercules is presented by this imp,  
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed  
canus;

*And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,  
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:  
Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;  
Ergo, I come with this apology.—  
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [Exit Moth.*

*Hol. Judas I am,—*

*Dum. A Judas!*

*Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—*

*Judas I am, y'cleped Machabæus.*

*Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.*

*Biron. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd  
Judas?*

*Hol. Judas I am,—*

*Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.*

*Hol. What mean you, sir?*

*Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.*

*Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.*

*Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an  
elder.*

*Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.*

*Biron. Because thou hast no face.*

*Hol. What is this?*

*Boyet. A cittern head.*

*Dum. The head of a bodkin.*

*Biron. A death's face in a ring.*

*Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.*

*Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.*

*Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.*

*Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.*

*Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.*

*Biron.* Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:  
And now, forward; for we have put thee in coun-  
tenance.

*Hol.* You have put me out of countenance.

*Biron.* False; we have given thee faces.

*Hol.* But you have out-fac'd them all.

*Biron.* An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

*Boyet.* Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Biron.* For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—  
Jud-as, away.

*Hol.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

*Boyet.* A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark,  
he may stumble.

*Prin.* Alas, poor Machabæus, how bath he been  
baited!

*Enter ARMADO arm'd, for Hector.*

*Biron.* Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector  
in arms.

*Dum.* Though my mocks come home by me, I  
will now be merry.

*King.* Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

*Boyet.* But is this Hector?

*Dum.* I think, Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

*Long.* His leg is too big for Hector.

*Dum.* More calf, certain.

*Boyet.* No; he is best indued in the small.

*Biron.* This cannot be Hector.

*Dum.* He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

*Arm.* *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*  
*Gave Hector a gift,—*

*Dum.* A gilt nutmeg.

*Biron.* A lemon.

*Long.* Stuck with cloves<sup>60</sup>.

*Dum.* No, cloven.

*Arm.* Peace!

*The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*

*Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;*

*A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea,*

*From morn till night, out of his pavilion.*

*I am that flower,—*

*Dum.* That mint.

*Long.* That columbine.

*Arm.* Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

*Long.* I must rather give it the rein; for it runs  
 against Hector.

*Dum.* Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

*Arm.* The sweet war-man is dead and rotten;  
 sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when  
 he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with  
 my device: Sweet royalty, [to the Princess,] bestow  
 on me the sense of hearing.

[*Biron whispers Costard.*]

*Prin.* Speak, brave Hector; we are much de-  
 lighted.

*Arm.* I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

*Boyet.* Loves her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

*Arm.* This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

*Cost.* The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

*Arm.* What meanest thou?

*Cost.* Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

*Arm.* Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

*Cost.* Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare Pompey!

*Boyet.* Renowned Pompey!

*Biron.* Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

*Dum.* Hector trembles.

*Biron.* Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates<sup>61</sup>; stir them on! stir them on!

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

*Biron.* Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cast.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed worthies.

*Cost.* I'll do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey!

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.

Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat?  
What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason have you for't?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward<sup>62</sup> for penance.

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

### *Enter MERCADER.*

*Mer.* God save you, madam!

*Prin.* Welcome, Mercader;  
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

*Mer.* I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring,  
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

*Prin.* Dead, for my life.

*Mer.* Even so; my tale is told.

*Biron.* Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

*Arm.* For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

*King.* How fares your majesty?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

*King.* Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I say.—I thank you gracious lords,  
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,  
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe  
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,  
The liberal opposition of our spirits:  
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves  
In the converse of breath, your gentleness  
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!  
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:  
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks  
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme parts of time extremely form  
All causes to the purpose of his speed;  
And often, at his very loose, decides  
That which long process could not arbitrate:  
And though the mourning brow of progeny  
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,  
The holy suit which fain it would convince;  
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,  
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it  
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,  
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,  
As to rejoice at friends bnt newly found.

*Prin.* I understood you not; my griefs are double.

*Biron.* Honest plain words<sup>c3</sup> best pierce the ear of  
grief;—

And by these badges understand the king.  
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,  
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours  
Even to the opposed end of our intents:  
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—  
As love is full of unbefitting strains;  
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;  
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye  
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,  
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll  
To every varied object in his glance:  
Which party-coated presence of loose love  
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,  
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,  
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,  
Suggested us to make: Therefore, ladies,  
Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,  
By being once false for ever to be true  
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:  
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,  
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;  
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;  
And, in our maiden council, rated them  
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,  
As bombast<sup>64</sup>, and as lining to the time:  
But more devout than this, in our respects,  
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves  
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, madam, show'd much more than  
jest.

*Long.* So did our looks.

*Ros.* We did not quote them so.

*King.* Now, at the latest minute of the hour,  
Grant us your loves.

*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short  
To make a world-without-end bargain in :  
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,  
Full of dear guiltiness ; and, therefore, this,—  
If for my love (as there is no such cause)  
You will do aught, this shall you do for me :  
Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed  
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,  
Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;  
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs  
Have brought about their annual reckoning :  
If this austere insociable life  
Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;  
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,  
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
But that it bear this trial, and last love ;  
Then, at the expiration of the year,  
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,  
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,  
I will be thine ; and, till that instant, shut  
My woeful self up in a mourning house ;  
Raining the tears of lamentation,  
For the remembrance of my father's death.  
If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;  
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,  
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest<sup>65</sup>,  
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

*Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?

*Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rank;  
You are attaint with faults and perjury;  
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,  
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,  
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

*Dum.* But what to me, my love? but what to me?

*Kath.* A wife?—A beard, fair health, and honesty;

With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

*Dum.* O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

*Kath.* Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day  
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:  
Come when the king doth to my lady come,  
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

*Dum.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

*Kath.* Yet, swear not, lest you be forswn again.

*Long.* What says Maria?

*Mar.* At the twelvemonth's end,  
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

*Long.* I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

*Mar.* The liker you; few taller are so young.

*Biron.* Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,  
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,  
What humble suit attends thy answer there;  
Impose some service on me for thy love.

*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my lord Birón,  
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue  
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;  
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;  
Which you on all estates will execute,  
That lie within the mercy of your wit:  
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;  
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,  
(Without the which I am not to be won,)  
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day  
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse  
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,  
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,  
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat of  
death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:  
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,  
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,  
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:  
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,  
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans<sup>66</sup>,  
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,  
And I will have you, and that fault withal;  
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,  
And I shall find you empty of that fault,  
Right joyful of your reformation.

*Biron.* A twelvenonth? well, befal what will befal,  
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

*Prin.* Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

[*To the King.*

*King.* No, madam: we will bring you on your  
way.

*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play;  
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy  
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*King.* Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,  
And then, 'twill end.

*Biron.* That's too long for a play.

*Enter ARMADO.*

*Arm.* Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

*Prin.* Was not that Hector?

*Dum.* The worthy knight of Troy.

*Arm.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave:  
I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold  
the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most  
esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that  
the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the  
owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the  
end of our show.

*King.* Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

*Arm.* Holla! approach.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD,  
and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring;

the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the  
cuckoo. Ver, begin.

## SONG.

Spring.<sup>67</sup> *When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo ;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo.—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear !*

## II.

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo ;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo.—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear !*

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,*

*To-who:*

*Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot*<sup>63</sup>.

IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs hiss in the lowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,*

*To-who;*

*Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

*m.* The words of Mercury are harsh after the  
of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.

[*Exeunt.*



## ANNOTATIONS

UPON

### LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

---

<sup>1</sup> *With all these, living in philosophy.]* The stile of the rhyming scenes in this play is often entangled and obscure. I know not certainly to what *all these* is to be referred; I suppose he means, that he finds *love, pomp, and wealth in philosophy.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *When I to feast expressly am forlid;]* The copies all have,

*When I to fast expressly am forlid.*

But if Biron studied where to get a good dinner, at a time when he was *forlid* to *fast*, how was this studying to know what he was forbid to know? Common sense, and the whole tenour of the context require us to read, *feast*, or to make a change in the last word of the verse.

*When I to fast expressly am fore-bid;*  
i. e. when I am enjoined before-hand to fast.

THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> *To seek the light of truth; while truth the while  
Doth falsely blind———]* *Falsely* is here, and in many other places, the same as *dishonestly* or

*treacherously.* The whole sense of this gingling declamation is only this, that *a man by too close study may read himself blind*, which might have been told with less obscurity in fewer words. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.]* To *proceed* is an academical term, meaning, *to take a degree*, as *he proceeded bachelor in physick*. The sense is, *he has taken his degrees on the art of hindering the degrees of others.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *A dangerous law against gentility!]* I have ventured to prefix the name of Biron to this line, it being evident, for two reasons, that it, by some accident or other, slipt out of the printed books. In the first place, Longaville confesses, he had devis'd the penalty: and why he should immediately arraign it as a dangerous law, seems to be very inconsistent. In the next place, it is much more natural for Biron to make this reflexion, who is cavilling at every thing: and then for him to pursue his reading over the remaining articles.—As to the word *gentility*, here, it does not signify that rank of people called, *gentry*; but what the French express by, *gentilesse*, i. e. *elegantia, urbanitas*. And then the meaning is this. Such a law for banishing women from the court, is dangerous, or injurious, to *politeness, urbanity*, and the more refined pleasures of life. For men without women would turn brutal, and savage, in their natures and behaviour. THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> *Not by might master'd, but by special grace.]* Biron, amidst his extravagancies, speaks with great

justness against the folly of vows. They are made without sufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by some unforeseen necessity. They proceed commonly from a presumptuous confidence, and a false estimate of human power.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —*Tharborough:*] i. e. a *Third borrough*; a peace-officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a constable.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

<sup>8</sup> *dear imp.—*] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell, in his last letter to Hen. VIII. prays for the *imp* his son. It is now used only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our author's time, it was ambiguous, in which state it suits well with this dialogue.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *crosses love not him.*] By *crosses* he means money.

<sup>10</sup> —*the dancing-horse will tell you.*] *Banks's horse*, which play'd many remarkable pranks. Sir Walter Raleigh (History of the World, first part, p. 178) says, “ If Banks had lived in older times, he “ would have shamed all the enchanters in the world: “ for whosoever was most famous among them, could “ never master, or instruct any beast as he did his “ horse.” And sir Kenelm Digby (a Treatise of Bodies, chap. 38. page 393.) observes, “ That his horse “ would restore a glove to the due owner, after the “ master had whispered the man's name in his ear; “ would tell the just number of pence in any piece “ of silver coin, newly shewed him by his master;

“ and even obey presently his command, in discharging himself of his excrements, whensoever he had bade him.”

DR. GRAY.

*Banks's horse* is alluded to by many writers contemporary with Shakespeare; among the rest, by B. Jonson, in Every Man out of his Humour. “ He keeps more ado with this monster, than ever Banks did with his horse.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>11</sup> —— and not demands,

On payment, &c.] The former editions read,

————— and not demands

One payment of a hundred thousand crowns,  
To have his title live in Aquitain.

I have restored, I believe, the genuine sense of the passage. Aquitain was pledged, it seems, to Navarre's father, for 200,000 crowns. The French king pretends to have paid one moiety of this debt, (which Navarre knows nothing of,) but demands this moiety back again: instead whereof (says Navarre) he should rather pay the remaining moiety, and *demand* to have Aquitain re-delivered up to him. This is plain and easy reasoning upon the fact suppos'd; and Navarre declares, he had rather receive the residue of his debt, than detain the province mortgaged for security of it.

THEOBALD.

<sup>12</sup> God's blessing on your beard!] That is, mayst thou have sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which suits ill with such idle catches of wit.

JOHNSON.

<sup>13</sup> My lips are no common, though several they be.]

*Several* is an inclosed field of a private proprietor, so Maria says, *her lips* are *private property*. Of a lord that was newly married one observed that he grew fat; Yes, said sir Walter Raleigh, any beast will grow fat, if you take him from the *common* and graze him in the *several*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>14</sup> *Concolinel*—] Here is apparently a song lost.

JOHNSON.

I have observed in the old comedies, that the songs are frequently omitted. On this occasion the stage direction is generally—*Here they sing*—or—*Cantant*. Probably the performer was left to chuse his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as part of a new performance. Sometimes yet more was left to the discretion of the ancient comedians, as I learn from the following circumstance in *K. Edward IV.* 2d. p. 1619,—“Jockey “is led whipping over the stage, speaking some “words, but of no importance.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>15</sup> *a French brawl.*] *Brawl* here and *canary* afterwards, are two dances.

<sup>16</sup> *like a man after the old painting;*] it was a common trick, among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own inability.

STEEVENS.

<sup>17</sup> *The hobby-horse is forgot.*] In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly

a boy was dressed up representing Maid Marian; another like a friar; and another rode on a hobby-horse, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the Reformation took place, and precisians multiplied, these latter rites were looked upon to savour of paganism; and then maid Marian, the friar, and the poor hobby horse, were turned out of the games. Some who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the disuse of the hobby-horse, no doubt, satirized this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now Moth, hearing Armado groan ridiculously, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!*—humourously pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph.

THEOBALD.

<sup>18</sup> l'envoy ;] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verses to each piece, which either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. It was frequently adopted by the old English writers.

STEEVENS.

<sup>19</sup> *no salve in the mail—*] Mail then signified a box or packet. Fr. *Malle*.

<sup>20</sup> *And he ended the market.]* Alluding to the English proverb—*Three women and a goose make a market.* *Tre donne et un occa fan un mercato.* Ital. Ray's Proverbs.

STEEVENS.

<sup>21</sup> —incony Jew.] *Incony*, or *kony*, in the north signifies *fine, delicate.*

<sup>22</sup> *Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.]* Mr. Theobald extends his second act to this line.

<sup>23</sup> *Here,—good my glass,—*] To understand how the princess has her glass so ready at hand in a casual conversation, it must be remembered that in those days it was the fashion among the French ladies to wear a looking-glass, as Mr. Bayle coarsely represents it, *on their bellies*; that is, to have a small mirrour set in gold hanging at the girdle, by which they occasionally viewed their faces or adjusted their hair.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson, perhaps, is mistaken. She had no occasion to have recourse to any other *looking-glass* than the Forester, whom she rewards for having shewn her to herself as in a mirror. STEEVENS.

<sup>24</sup> *King Cophetua.]* The ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid may be seen in the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. The beggar's name was Penelophon, here corrupted.

PERCY.

<sup>25</sup> ——*a monarcho*—] Sir T. Hanmer reads,  
——*a mammuccio.*—

JOHNSON.

The allusion is to a fantastical character of the time.—“ Popular applause (says Meres) dooth nou-  
“ rish some, neither do they gape after any other  
“ thing, but vaine praise and glorie,—as in our age  
“ Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived  
“ about the court.” p. 178.

FARMER.

In Nash's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1595, I meet with the same allusion,—“ but now he  
“ was an insulting monarch above *Monarcho* the  
“ Italian, that ware crownes in his shoes, and quite  
“ renounced his natural English accents and gestures,

“ and wrested himself wholly to the Italian pun-  
“ tilio’s, &c.”

An allusion of a similar kind remains unexplained in Ben Jonson’s *Alchemist*, *Act I. Scene I.*

“ ——and a face cut for thee,

“ Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey’s.”

Gamaliel Ratsey was a famous highwayman, who always robbed in a mask. I once had in my possession a pamphlet containing his life and exploits, in the title page of which he is represented with this ugly visor on his face.

STEEVENS.

<sup>26</sup> *Queen Guinever.*] This was king Arthur’s queen, not over famous for fidelity to her husband. See the song of the Boy and the Mantle in Dr. Percy’s collection.

<sup>27</sup> *Enter HOLOFERNES.*] There is very little personal reflexion in Shakspeare. Either the virtue of those times, or the candour of our author, has so effected, that his satire is, for the most part, general, and, as himself says,

——his taxing like a wild goose flies,  
Unclaim’d of any man.——

The place before us seems to be an exception. For by Hoiofernes is designed a particular character, a pedant and schoolmaster of our author’s time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small dictionary of that language under the title of *A World of Words*, which in his epistle dedicatory he tells us, *is of little less value than Stephens’s Treasure of the Greek Tongue*, the

most complete work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls those who had criticized his works *sea-dogs or land-critics; monsters of men, if not beasts rather than men; whose teeth are canibals, their toongs addars forks, their lips aspes poison, their eyes basilishes, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like swordes of Turks, that strive which shall dive deepest into a Christian lying bound before them.* Well therefore might the mild Nathaniel desire Holofernes to *abrogate scurility.* His profession too is the reason that Holofernes deals so much in Italian sentences. There is an edition of Love's Labour's Lost, printed 1598, and said to be *presented before her highness this last Christmas, 1597.* The next year 1598, comes out our John Florio, with his World of Words, *recen-tibus odiis;* and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the stage. *There is another sort of leering curs, that rather snarle than lite, whereof I could instance in one, who lighting on a good sonnet of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the author a rymer—Let Aristophanes and his comedians make plaies, and scowre their mouths on Socrates; those very mouths they make to vilifie shall be the means to amplifie his virtue, &c.* Here Shakspeare is so plainly marked out as not to be mistaken. As to the sonnet of *the gentleman his friend,* we may be assured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very sonnet beginning with *The praise-*

*ful princess, &c.* in which our author makes Holofernes say, *He will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.* And how much John Florio thought this *affectation argued facility*, or quickness of wit, we see in this preface where he falls upon his enemy, H. S. *His name is H. S. Do not take it for the Roman H. S. unless it be as H. S. is twice as much and an half, as half an A S.* With a great deal more to the same purpose; concluding his preface in these words, *The resolute John Florio.* From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that Shakespeare chose for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant of Thubal, Holoferne. WARBURTON.

<sup>28</sup> —*a pricket.*] In a play called *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, I find the following account of the different appellations of deer, at their different ages.

“ *Amoretto.* I caused the keeper to sever the  
 “ *rascal deer* from the *bucks of the first head.* Now,  
 “ *sir, a buck* is, the *first year, a fawn;* the *second*  
 “ *year, a pricket;* the *third year, a sorell;* the *fourth*  
 “ *year, a soare;* the *fifth, a buck of the first head;*  
 “ *the sixth year, a compleat buck.* Likewise your  
 “ *hart* is, the *first year, a calfe;* the *second year, a*  
 “ *brocket;* the *third year, a spade;* the *fourth year,*  
 “ *a stag;* the *sixth year, a hart.* A *roe-buck* is the  
 “ *first year, a kid;* the *second year, a girl;* the *third*  
 “ *year, a hemuse;* and these are your special beasts  
 “ *for chase.*”

So in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612.—“ I  
 “ am but a *pricket*, a mere *sorell;* my head's not har-  
 “ den'd yet.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>29</sup> —*makes fifty sores*; O sore L,] we should read, *of sore L*, alluding to *L* being the numeral for 50.

WARBURTON.

<sup>30</sup> *if their daughters be capable, &c.]* Of this *double entendre*, despicable as it is, Mr. Pope and his coadjutors availed themselves, in their unsuccessful comedy called *Three Hours after Marriage*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>31</sup> *Fauste, precor, gelida, &c.]* A note of La Monnoye's on these very words in *Les Contes des Periers*, Nov. 42, will explain the humour of the quotation, and shew how well Shakspeare has sustained the character of his pedant.——*Il designe le Carme Baptiste Mantuan, dont au commencement du 16 siecle on lisoit publiquement à Paris les Poesies; si celebres alors, que, comme dit plaisamment Farnale dans sa preface sur Martial, les Pedans ne faisoient nulle difficulté de preferer à le Arma virumque cano, le Fauste precor gelida, c'est-a-dire, à l'Eneide de Virgile les Eclogues de Mantuan, la premiere desquelles commence par Fauste, precor gelida.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>32</sup> ————— *Vinegia, vinegia,*

*Chi non te vedi, ei non te pregia.]* In old editions: *Venechi, veneche a, qui non te vide, i non te piaech.* And thus Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope. But that poets, scholars, and linguists, could not restore this little scrap of true Italian, is to me unaccountable. Our author is applying the praises of Mantuanus to a common proverbial sentence, said of Venice. *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.*

O Venice, Venice, he who has never seen thee, has thee not in esteem.

THEOBALD.

<sup>33</sup> *Disfigure not his slop.]* Slops meant large and wide-kneed breeches. *The slop-shops* took their name from the sale of these articles of dress.

<sup>34</sup> *Some tricks, some quilletts, how to cheat the devil.]* Quillet is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. I imagine the original to be this, in the French pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *qu'il est*;—from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer.

WARBURTON.

<sup>35</sup> ————— *affection's men at arms:]* A man at arms, is a soldier armed at all points both offensively and defensively. It is no more than, *Ye soldiers of affection.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>36</sup> *The nimble spirits in the arteries;]* In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves; as appears from the name, which is derived from *αερα τηγειν*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>37</sup> *Your reasons at dinner have been, &c.]* I know not well what degree of respect Shakspeare intends to obtain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to this character of the school-master's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Castiglione will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited.

It may be proper just to note, that *reason* here, and in many other places, signifies *discourse*; and that *audacious* is used in a good sense for *spirited, animated, confident*. *Opinion* is the same with *obstinacy* or *opiniatreté*. JOHNSON.

<sup>38</sup> *Honorificabilitudinitatibus.*] This word, whencesoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known. JOHNSON.

<sup>49</sup> *The third of the five vowels, &c.]* In former editions: *The last of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I;*

Hol. *I will repeat them, a, e, I-----*

Moth. *The sheep:—the other two concludes it out.* Is not the *last* and the *fifth* the same *vowel*? Though my correction restores but a poor conundrum, yet if it restores the poet's meaning, it is the duty of an editor to trace him in his lowest conceits. By O, U, Moth would mean—Oh, you—i. e. You are the sheep still, either way; no matter which of us repeats them. THEOBALD.

<sup>40</sup> *dally with my excrement.]* Shakspeare calls the beard *valour's excrement*, in the Merchant of Venice. JOHNSON.

<sup>41</sup> *—wax.]* In scripture, to *wax wroth*, is frequent for, to *grow angry*. Formerly the word had a more general meaning of *to increase* than it has at present. German, *WAXEN*, *to grow*.

<sup>42</sup> *—in by the week!]* This Mr. Steevens supposes to be an expression taken from hiring servants or artificers; meaning, ‘I wish I was as sure of his service for any time limited, as if I had hired him.’

<sup>43</sup> *None are so surely caught, &c.]* These are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention. JOHNSON.

<sup>44</sup> *Like Muscovites, or Russians:]* The intercourse between this country and Russia was but a very confined one in the days of Shakspeare; and therefore the player's fancy would be allowed full scope in the choice of dress. A mask of Russians in the real habits of a people so rude as they were then, must have appeared extremely grotesque in representation.

<sup>45</sup> *Beauties no richer than rich taffeta,]* i. e. the taffeta masks they wore to conceal themselves.

THEOBALD.

<sup>46</sup> *Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars,——]* When queen Elizabeth asked an ambassador how he liked her ladies, *It is hard*, said he, *to judge of stars in the presence of the sun.* JOHNSON.

<sup>47</sup> *Since you can cog,———]* To cog signifies to falsify the dice, and to falsify a narrative, or to lye.

JOHNSON.

<sup>48</sup> —*better wits have worn plain statute-caps.]* Woollen caps were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, 13th queen Elizabeth. “ Besides the “ bills passed into acts this parliament, there was “ one which I judge not amiss to be taken notice “ of—it concerned the queen's care for employment “ for her poor sort of subjects. It was for conti-“ nuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in “ behalf of the trade of cappers; providing, that all “ above the age of six years, (except the nobility and

" some others) should on *sabbath days*, and *holy days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and drest " in England, upon penalty of ten groats." DR. GRAY.

Probably the meaning may be—*better wits may be found among the citizens*, who are not in general remarkable for sallies of imagination. In Marston's Dutch Courtezan, 1605, Mrs. Mulligrub says,—  
 " though my husband be a citizen, and his *cap's* " *made of wool*, yet I have wit." So in the Family " of Love, 1608. " 'Tis a law enacted by the com—" mon-council of *statute-caps*." STEEVENS.

49 *Are angels vailing clouds.] Ladies unmasked*, says Boyet, *are like angels vailing clouds*, or letting those clouds, which obscured their brightness, sink from before them. JOHNSON.

The primitive word is the French verb *avaler*, which has still, in some instances, the same signification as *descendre*.

50 —*white as whales bone.] White as whale's bone* is a proverbial expression in the old poets. So in Tuberville's poems, printed in 1570. " In praise of lady P."

" Her mouth so small, her teeth so white,  
 " As any *whale* his bone;  
 " Her lips without so lively red,  
 " That passe the corall stone." WARTON.

51 ————— *behaviour, what wert thou,*  
*'Till this man shew'd thee? and what art thou now?]* These are two wonderfully fine lines, intimating that what courts call *manners*, and value themselves so much upon teaching, as a thing no where else to be

learnt, is a modest silent accomplishment under the direction of nature and common sense, which does its office in promoting social life without being taken notice of. But that when it degenerates into shew and parade, it becomes an unmanly contemptible quality.

WARBURTON.

What is told in this note is undoubtedly true, but is not comprised in the quotation. JOHNSON.

<sup>52</sup> *Write, &c.]* This was the inscription put upon the door of the houses infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himself and his companions; and pursuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewise on the ladies. The *tokens* of the plague are the first spots or discolorations, by which the infection is known to be received. JOHNSON.

<sup>53</sup> ——————*how can this be true,*

*That you should forfeit, being those that sue.]*

That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process. The jest lies in the ambiguity of *sue*, which signifies *to prosecute by law*, or to *offer a petition*. JOHNSON.

<sup>54</sup> *That smiles his cheek in years.]* Mr. Malone reads *jeers*, but the other commentators understand Shakspeare to use *years* figuratively for *wrinkles*; the effect both of years and laughter.

<sup>55</sup> —*squire—]* *Esquierre* French, a *rule*, a *square*.

<sup>56</sup> *you cannot beg us, sir,]* i. e. *beg* the guardianship of us, from the king, as ideots.

<sup>57</sup> *abate a throw at novum.]* *Novum* appears from the following passage in Green's *Tu quoque*, to have been some game at dice.—“ Change your game

" for dice; we are a full number for *novum*." Again in A Woman never vex'd,—“ What ware deal you “ in, cards, dice, bowls, or pigeon-holes? Sort them “ yourselves, either passage, *novum*, or mum-chance.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>58</sup> *with libbard's head on knee,*] alluding to the old heroic habits, which usually had a lion or leopard's head on the knees and shoulders.

<sup>59</sup> *Your lion that holds his poll ax sitting on a close stool, &c.]* In Leigh's *Accidence of Armoury*, the arms given to Alexander in the history of *The Nine Worthies*, is a Lion, *seiant in a chayer*, holding a battle-ax. The paltry conceit between *Ajax* and *a jakes* is also used by Ben Jonson and Camden the antiquary.

<sup>60</sup> *Stuck with cloves.]* An orange stuck with cloves appears to have been a common new-year's gift. So Ben Jonson, in his Christmas Masque,—“ he has an *orange* and *rosemary*, but not a *clove* to stick in it.” A *gilt nutmeg* is mentioned in the same piece, and on the same occasion.

STEEVENS.

<sup>61</sup> —*more Ates;*] That is, more instigation. *Ate* was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed.

JOHNSON.

<sup>62</sup> *I go woolward—*] i. e. with *woollen* next the skin.

<sup>63</sup> *Honest plain words, &c.]* As it seems not very proper for Biron to court the princess for the king in the king's presence, at this critical moment, I believe the speech is given to a wrong person. I read thus,

Prin. *I understand you not, my griefs are double : Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.*

King. *And by these badges, &c.* JOHNSON.

<sup>64</sup> *As bombast, and as lining to the time:]* This line is obscure. *Bombast* was a kind of loose texture not unlike what is now called *wadding*, used to give the dresses of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increase of weight; whence the same name is given a tumour of words unsupported by solid sentiment. The Princess, therefore, says, that they considered this courtship as but *bombast*, as something to fill out life, which not being closely united with it, might be thrown away at pleasure.

JOHNSON.

<sup>65</sup> *To flatter up these powers of mine with rest;]* Dr. Warburton would read *fetter*, but *flatter* or *sooth* is, in my opinion, more apposite to the king's purpose than *fetter*. Perhaps we may read,

*To flatter on these hours of time with rest;*  
That is, I would not deny to live in the hermitage, to make the year of delay pass in quiet. JOHNSON.

<sup>66</sup> —*dear groans.]* Dr. Johnson says *dear* should here be *dere*, i. e. *sad, odious*.

<sup>67</sup> *When daisies, &c.]* The first lines of this song, that were transposed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

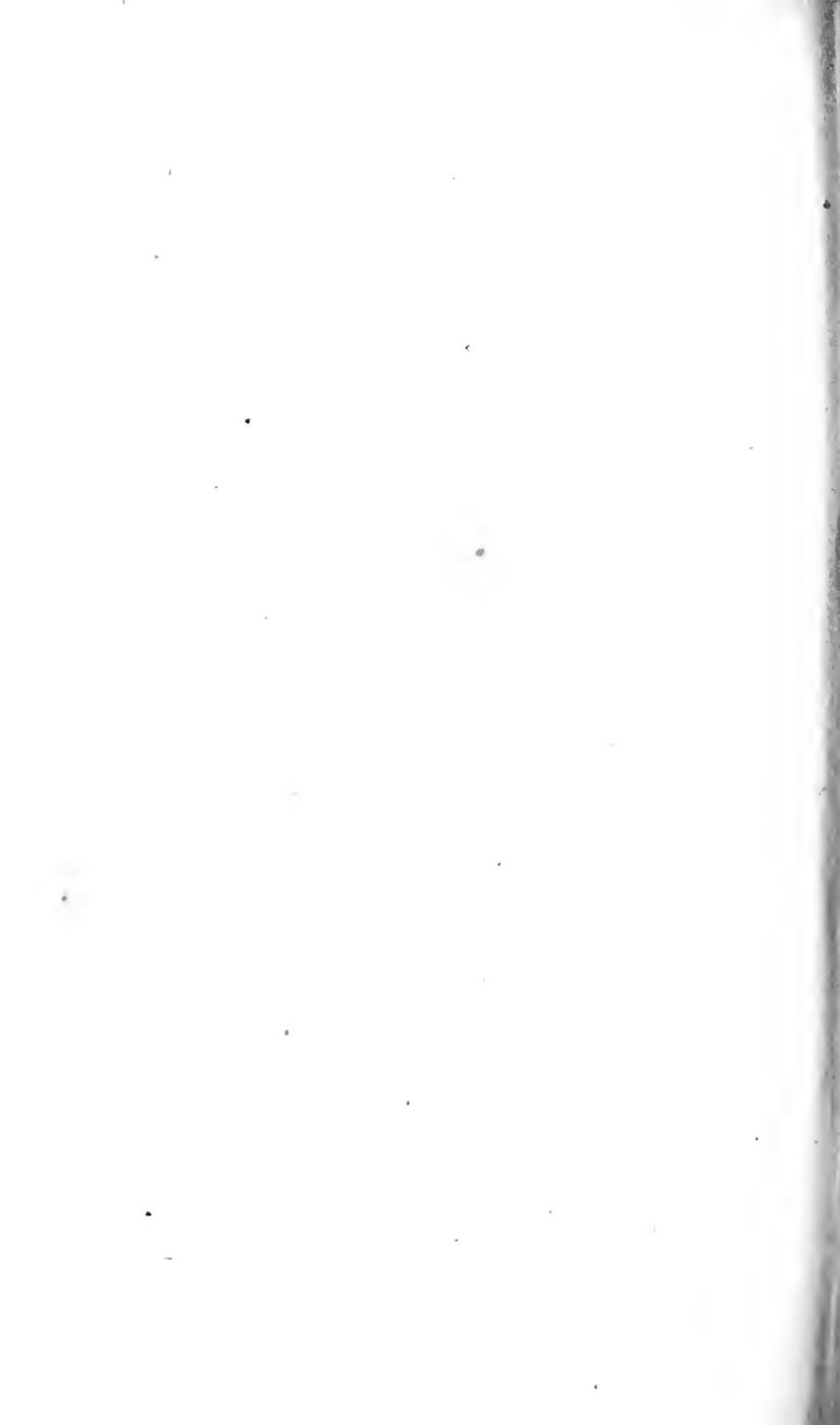
<sup>68</sup> *While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.]* This word is yet used in Ireland, and signifies to *scum* the pot. GOLDSMITH.

Although the other annotators do not agree in the actual mode of *keeling the pot*, yet they seem all of opinion that the word signifies to *cool*.

THE  
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.



REMARKS  
ON THE  
PLOT, THE FABLE, AND CONSTRUCTION  
OF THE  
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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Of The Merchant of Venice the stile is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comic part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two Plots of his Spanish Friar, which yet, I believe, the critic will find excelled by this play.

It has been lately discovered, that the fable is taken from a story in the Pecorone of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a novelist, who wrote in 1378. The story has been published in English, and I have epitomised the translation. The translator is of opinion, that the choice of the caskets is borrowed from a tale of Boccace, which I have likewise abridged, though I believe that Shakspeare must have had some other novel in view.

There lived at Florence, a merchant whose name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three sons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldest, and left them heirs: to the youngest he left nothing. This youngest, whose name was Giannetto, went to his father, and said, What has my father done? The father replied, dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wish better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whose name is Ansaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to send you thither to him. He is the richest merchant amongst the Christians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The son answered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father shall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Giannetto went to Ansaldo, and presented the letter given by the father before his death. Ansaldo reading the letter, cried out, My dearest godson is welcome to my arms. He then asked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Ansaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in seeing you, mitigates my sorrow. He conducted him to his house, and gave orders to his servants, that Giannetto should be obeyed, and served with more attention than had been paid to himself. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money; and told him, Son, spend this money, keep a table, and make yourself known: remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Ansaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Ansaldo could think of nothing but him; so much was he pleased with his good manners and behaviour.

It happened, that two of his most intimate acquaintance designed to go with two ships to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and see the world. I would go willingly, said he, if my father Ansaldo will give leave. His companions go to Ansaldo, and beg his permission for Giannetto to go in the spring with them to Alexandria; and desire him to provide him a ship. Ansaldo immediately procured a very fine ship, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with streamers, and furnished it with arms; and, as soon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and sailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto saw a gulph, with a fine port, and asked the captain how the port was called? He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? says Giannetto. He answered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he must take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loses every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a

little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an instant they slide into the port so easily that the other ships perceived nothing.

The lady was soon informed of it, and sent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, asked him who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the custom of the country? He answered, That the knowledge of that custom was his only reason for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and sent for barons, counts, and knights in great number, who were her subjects, to keep Giannetto company. These nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady said, it seems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her service; and immediately two damsels enter with wine and sweetmeats. The lady intreats him to taste the wine: he takes the sweetmeats, and drinks some of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cause sleep. He then goes into the bed, where he instantly falls asleep, and never wakes till late in the morning; but the lady rose with the sun, and gave orders to unload the vessel, which she found full of rich merchandize. After nine o'clock the women servants go to the bedside, order Giannetto to rise and be gone, for he had lost the ship. The lady gave him a horse and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to

Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for shame ; but at night goes to the house of a friend, who is surprised to see him, and inquires of him the cause of his return ? He answers, his ship had struck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a visit to Ansaldo, found him very disconsolate. I fear, says Ansaldo, so much, that this son of mine is dead, that I have no rest. His friend told him, that he had been shipwreck'd, and had lost his all, but that he himself was safe. Ansaldo instantly gets up, and runs to find him. My dear son, says he, you need not fear my displeasure; it is a common accident; trouble yourself no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be cheerful and easy.

The news was soon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the story, ran to see him, and rejoiced with him for his safety; telling him that next spring, he might gain as much as he had lost the last. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was resolved to marry her, or die. Ansaldo told him frequently, not to be cast down. Giannetto said, he should never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Ansaldo provided another ship of more value than the first. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and

the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and seeing the ship, asked her maid, if she knew the streamers? the maid said, it was the ship of the young man who arrived the last year. You are in the right, answered the lady; he must surely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a second time; the maid said, she had never seen a more agreeable man. He went to the castle, and presented himself to the lady; who, as soon as she saw him, embraced him, and the day was passed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to rest: when they were seated in the chamber, the two damsels enter with wine and sweet-meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls asleep; the lady undressed, and lay down by his side; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady rises, and gives orders to strip the ship. He has a horse and money given to him, and away he goes, and never stops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the same friend, who with astonishment asked him, what was the matter? I am undone, says Giannetto. His friend answered, You are the cause of the ruin of Ansaldo, and your shame ought to be greater than the loss you have suffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At last he took a resolution of seeing Ansaldo, who rose from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his em-

braces. Ansaldo heard his tale: do not grieve, my dear son, says he, we have still enough: the sea enriches some men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad success. When Ansaldo enquired what was the matter, he confessed, he could never be contented till he should be in a condition to regain all that he lost. When Ansaldo found him resolved, he began to sell every thing he had, to furnish this other fine ship with merchandize: but, as he wanted still ten thousand ducats, he applied himself to a Jew at Mestri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feast of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. Ansaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witnessed, with all the form and ceremony necessary; and then counted him the ten thousand ducats of gold, with which Ansaldo bought what was still wanting for the vessel. This last ship was finer and better freighted than the other two, and his companions made ready for the voyage, with a design that whatever they gained should be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Ansaldo told Giannetto, that since he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might see him before he died; and then he could leave the world with satisfaction: Giannetto promised to do every thing that he conceived might give

him pleasure. Ansaldo gave him his blessing, they took their leave, and the ships set out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to steal into Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the sailors in the night to sail the vessel into the port. It was told the lady, that Giannetto was arrived in port. She saw from the window the vessel, and immediately sent for him.

Giannetto goes to the castle, the day is spent in joy and feasting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, so well did he understand the lance, and was so graceful a figure on horseback: he pleased so much, that all were desirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the usual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his rest. When he passed the door of the chamber, one of the damsels in a whisper said to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady said, I know you must be thirsty, I must have you drink before you go to bed: immediately two damsels entered the room, and presented the wine. Who can refuse wine from such beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady smiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his bosom. The lady thinking he had drank, says aside to herself with great joy, You must go, young man, and bring another ship, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to

snore as if he slept soundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herself down by his side. Giannetto loses no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, saying, Now am I in possession of my utmost wishes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted, and placed in the chair of state, had the sceptre put into his hand, and was proclaimed sovereign of the country, with great pomp and splendor; and when the lords and ladies were come to the castle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and caused justice to be administered impartially. He continued some time in this happy state, and never entertained a thought of poor Ansaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thousand ducats. But one day, as he stood at the window of the palace with his bride, he saw a number of people pass along the piazza, with lighted torches in their hands. What is the meaning of this, says he. The lady answered, They are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his festival. Giannetto instantly recollecting Ansaldo, gave a great sigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired the cause of his sudden change. He said, he felt nothing. She continued to press with great earnestness, till he was obliged to confess the cause of his uneasiness, that Ansaldo was engaged for the money, that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was lest his father should lose his life for him: that if the ten thousand ducats were not paid that day, he must lose

a pound of his flesh. The lady told him to mount on horseback, and go by land the nearest way, to take some attendants, and an hundred thousand ducats; and not to stop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Ansaldo to her. Giannetto takes horse with twenty attendants, and makes the best of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had seized Ansaldo, and insisted on having a pound of his flesh. He entreated him only to wait some days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleasure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but, says he, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation. Ansaldo answered, that he was content.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might have the satisfaction of saying, that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants. Giannetto making all possible haste to Venice, his lady soon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two servants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Ansaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he should demand. The Jew said, he would take no money, since it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of flesh. Every one blamed the Jew; but as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and the Jew had his pretensions grounded

on public and received forms, their only resource was entreaty ; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand, then thirty thousand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at last an hundred thousand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give him as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and, says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dress; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks of one of the servants who his master was? The servant answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna. The landlord upon this shews his guest great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, justice in this place is too severe, and related the case of Ansaldo. Says the lawyer, this question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the landlord, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of all the best men of this city. The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him: so it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew; but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. They came to this judge, and

saluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cause to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, it will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgments: and our judge says to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's flesh where you choose. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto seeing this, turning to the judge, this, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, says the judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off: and beside, if you shed one drop of blood, you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood; but says expressly, that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less. He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thousand du-

cats, and I am content. No, says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh according to your bond: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand: but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Ansaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand: he said, I will not give you a penny. Give me at least, says the Jew, my own ten thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing: if you will have the pound of flesh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled. The Jew seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Ansaldo was released, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thousand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer said, I do not want money; carry it back to your lady, that she may not say, that you have squandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is so kind, that I might spend four times as much, without incurring her displeasure. How are you pleased with the lady? says the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, answers Giannetto: nature seems to have done her utmost in forming her. If you will come and see her, you will be surprised at the honours she will shew you. I cannot go with you, says the lawyer; but since you speak so much good of her, I must desire you to present

my respects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto answered; and now, let me entreat you to accept of some of the money. While he was speaking, the lawyer observed a ring on his finger, and said, if you will give me this ring, I shall seek no other reward. Willingly, says Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her sake, I have some reluctance to part with it, and she, not seeing it on my finger, will believe, that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, she esteems you sufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may say you made a present of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to some former mistress here in Venice. So great, says Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this, he takes the ring from his finger, and presents it to him. I have still a favour to ask, says the lawyer. It shall be granted, says Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not stay any time here, but go as soon as possible to your lady. It appears to me a thousand years till I see her, answered Giannetto: and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Ansaldo with him, and some of his old acquaintance accompanied them. The lady arrived some days before; and having resumed her female habit, pretended to have spent the time at the baths; and now gave orders to have the streets lined with tapestry: and when Giannetto and

Ansaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Ansaldo, but feigned anger against Giannetto, though she loved him excessively: yet the feastings, tilts, and diversions went on as usual, at which all the lords and ladies were present. Giannetto seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and would have saluted her. She told him, she wanted none of his caresses: I am sure, says she, you have been lavish of them to some of your former mistresses. Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him where was the ring she had given him? It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and I was in the right to say you would be angry with me; but, I swear, by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause. And *I* can swear, says the lady, with as much solemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore swear no more. Giannetto protested that what he had told her was true, and that he said all this to the lawyer, when he asked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to stay at Venice with your mistresses, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great sorrow he assured her, that what she supposed could not be true. The lady seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter shewed the ring, and told him, that she was herself

the lawyer, and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and told the story to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Ansaldo for a wife: and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

RUGGIERI de Figiovanni took a resolution of going, for some time, to the court of Alfonso king of Spain. He was graciously received, and living there some time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly esteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he observed, that he gave, as he thought, with little discernment, castles, and baronies, to such who were unworthy of his favours; and to himself, who might pretend to be of some estimation, he gave nothing: he therefore thought the fittest thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His request was granted, and the king presented him with one of the most beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's trusty servants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he said of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his sovereign, that

he should go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he set out, said he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little, and as soon as they entered the stable, every beast, except his, began to stale. Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering the beasts, his mule staled in the river: you untoward beast, says he, you are like your master, who gave you to me. The servant remembered this expression, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a single word drop from him, but what was in praise of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and instantly turned back. When the king had heard what he had said of the mule, he commanded him into his presence, and with a smile, asked him, for what reason he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri answered, My reason is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the same manner the mule would not stale where she ought, and where she ought not, there she staled. The king said upon this, if I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was insensible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; she is to blame, and not I; and I will shew you manifestly that I speak truth. My discontent, sir, proceeds not,

answered Ruggieri, from a desire of being enriched, but from your not having given the smallest testimony to my deserts in your service: nevertheless your excuse is valid, and I am ready to see the proof you mention, though I can easily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caskets, shut close, to be placed: and before a large company told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown, sceptre, and all his jewels, and that the other was full of earth: choose which of them you like best, and then you will see that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri chose one. It was found to be the casket full of earth. The king said to him with a smile, Now you may see, Ruggieri, that what I told you of Fortune is true; but for your sake, I will oppose her with all my strength. You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain; therefore I will offer you no preferment here, but that casket which Fortune denied you, shall be yours in despite of her: carry it with you into your own country, shew it to your friends, and neighbours, as my gift to you; and you have my permission to boast, that it is a reward of your virtues.

JOHNSON.

VOL. III.

U

## *Persons Represented.*

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DUKE of *Venice*.

PRINCE of *Morocco*, }  
PRINCE of *Arragon*, } *Suitors to Portia.*

ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice:*

BASSANIO, *his Friend.*

SALANIO, }  
SALARINO, } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*  
GRATIANO, }

LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*

SHYLOCK, *a Jew:*

TUBAL, *a Jew, his Friend.*

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a Clown, Servant to Shylock.*

OLD GOBBO, *Father to Launcelot.*

SALERIO, *a Messenger from Venice.*

LEONARDO, *Servant to Bassanio.*

BALTHAZAR, }  
STEPHANO, } *Servants to Portia.*

PORtIA, *a rich Heiress :*

NERISSA, *her Waiting-Maid.*

JESSICA, *daughter to Shylock.*

*Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont,  
the Seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

# MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Venice. A Street.*

*Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.*

*Antonio.* IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad;  
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn;  
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

*Salar.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean;  
There, where your argosies<sup>1</sup> with portly sail,—  
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,  
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,—  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Salan.* Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,  
The better part of my affections would

Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
Plucking the grass<sup>2</sup>, to know where sits the wind;  
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;  
And every object, that might make me fear  
Misfortunes to my ventures, out of doubt,  
Would make me sad.

*Salar.* My wind, cooling my broth,  
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.  
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
But I should think of shallows and of flats;  
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,  
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs<sup>3</sup>,  
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,  
And see the holy edifice of stone,  
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks:  
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;  
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;  
And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought  
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,  
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?  
But, tell not me; I know, Antonio  
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

*Ant.* Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,.  
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
Upon the fortune of this present year:  
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

*Salan.* Why then you are in love.

*Ant.* Fie, fie!

*Salan.* Nor in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,

Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy  
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,  
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed  
Janus,

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:  
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,  
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;  
And other of such vinegar aspect,  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.*

*Salan.* Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;  
We leave you now with better company.

*Salar.* I would have staid till I had made you merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.  
I take it, your own business calls on you,  
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

*Salar.* Good Morrow, my good lords.

*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?  
Say, when?

You grow exceeding strange; Must it be so?

*Salar.* We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*

*Lor.* My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,

We two will leave you: but, at dinner time,  
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, signior Antonio;  
You have too much respect upon the world:  
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.  
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;  
A stage, where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the Fool:  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—  
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—  
There are a sort of men, whose visages  
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;  
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*  
*And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!*

O, my Antonio, I do know of these,  
That therefore only are reputed wise,  
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,  
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,  
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools<sup>t</sup>.  
I'll tell thee more of this another time:  
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,  
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—  
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;  
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,  
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

*Gra.* Well, keep my company but two years more,  
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

*Ant.* Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

*Gra.* Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*]

*Ant.* Is that any thing now?

*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

*Ant.* Well; tell me now, what lady is this same  
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,  
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

*Bass.* "Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,  
How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By something showing a more swelling port  
Than my faint means would grant continuance:  
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd  
From such a noble rate; but my chief care  
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,  
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,  
Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,  
I owe the most, in money, and in love;  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;  
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,  
My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight  
The self-same way, with more advised watch,  
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,  
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,  
That which I owe is lost: but if you please  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,  
Or bring your latter hazard back again,

And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well; and herein spend but time,

To wind about my love with circumstance;

And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,

In making question of my uttermost,

Than if you had made waste of all I have:

Then do but say to me what I should do,

That in your knowledge may by me be done,

And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left,  
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,  
Of wond'rous virtues; sometimes<sup>5</sup> from her eyes  
I did receive fair speechless messages:  
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued  
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;  
For the four winds blow in from every coast  
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;  
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,  
And many Jasons come in quest of her.

O my Antonio, had I but the means  
To hold a rival place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such thrift,  
That I should questionless be fortunate.

*Ant.* Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;  
Nor have I money, nor commodity  
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,  
Try what my credit can in Venice do;

That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,  
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.  
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,  
Where money is; and I no question make,  
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exeunt.

### S C E N E II.

*Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: And, yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

*Por.* Good sentences, and well pronounced.

*Ner.* They would be better, if well followed.

*Por.* If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper

leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

*Por.* I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

*Ner.* First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

*Por.* Ay, that's a colt, indeed<sup>6</sup>, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

*Ner.* Then, is there the county Palatine<sup>7</sup>.

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An if you will not have me, choose;* he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove

the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

*Ner.* How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

*Ner.* What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

*Por.* You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian<sup>8</sup>; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord<sup>9</sup>, his neighbour?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety <sup>10</sup>, and sealed under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German <sup>11</sup>, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers

are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

*Por.* Yes, yes; it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

*Ner.* True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[*Exeunt.*

*SCENE III.*

*Venice. A public Place.*

*Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.*

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—well.

*Bass.* Ay, sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months,—well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

*Shy.* Antonio shall become bound,—well.

*Bass.* May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

*Bass.* Your answer to that.

*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

*Shy.* Ho, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad: But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters,

winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding sufficient:—three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

*Bass.* Be assured you may.

*Shy.* I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Bass.* This is signior Antonio.

*Shy. [Aside.]* How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian:  
But more, for that, in low simplicity,  
He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.  
If I can catch him once upon the hip<sup>12</sup>,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,  
Even there where merchants most do congregate,  
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,  
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,  
If I forgive him!

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store;  
 And, by the near guess of my memory,  
 I cannot instantly raise up the gross  
 Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?  
 Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,  
 Will furnish me: But soft; How many months  
 Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

[*To ANTONIO.*

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*Ant.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,  
 By taking, nor by giving of excess,  
 Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend<sup>13</sup>,  
 I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,  
 How much you would?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot—three months, you told me so.  
 Well then, your bond; and, let me see——But  
 hear you;  
 Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,  
 Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never use it.

*Shy.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,  
 This Jacob from our holy Abraham was  
 (As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)  
 The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

*Ant.* And what of him? did he take interest?

*Shy.* No, not take interest; not as you would say;  
 Directly interest; mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromis'd,  
That all the eanlings which were streak'd, and pied,  
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,  
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:  
And when the work of generation was  
Between these woolly breeders in the act,  
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,  
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,  
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;  
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time  
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.  
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;  
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

*Ant.* This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;  
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,  
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.  
Was this inserted to make interest good?  
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

*Shy.* I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—  
But note me, signior.

*Ant.* Mark you this, Bassanio,  
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.  
An evil soul, producing holy witness,  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:  
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath<sup>14</sup>!

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round  
sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

*Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,  
In the Rialto you have rated me  
About my monies, and my usances :  
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;  
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe :  
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
And all for use of that which is mine own.  
Well then, it now appears, you need my help :  
Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,  
*Shylock, we would have monies* ; You say so ;  
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,  
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur  
Over your threshold ; monies is your suit.  
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,  
*Hath a dog money ? is it possible,*  
*A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?* or  
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,  
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
Say this,—  
*Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;*  
*You spurn'd me such a day ; another time*  
*You call'd me—dog ; and for these courtesies*  
*I'll lend you thus much monies.*

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,  
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
As to thy friends ; (for when did friendship take  
A breed for barren metal of his friend <sup>15</sup>?)  
But lend it rather to thine enemy ;

Who if he break, thou may'st with better face  
Exact the penalty.

*Shy.* Why look you, how you storm!  
I would be friends with you, and have your love,  
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,  
Supply your present wants, and take no doit  
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:  
This is kind I offer.

*Ant.* This were kindness.

*Shy.* This kindness will I show:—  
Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,  
If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are  
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*Ant.* Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,  
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me,  
I'll rather dwell in my necessity <sup>16</sup>.

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;  
Within these two months, that's a month before  
This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*Shy.* O father Abraham, what these Christians are;  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;  
If he should break his day, what should I gain

By the exaction of the forfeiture?  
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:  
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;  
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;  
Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard  
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently  
I will be with you. [Exit.]

*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

*Bass.* I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

*Ant.* Come on; in this there can be no dismay,  
My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets.* Enter the Prince of Morocco,  
and his Train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of  
her attendants.

*Mor.* Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,

To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.  
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the isicles,  
And let us make incision for your love,  
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine<sup>17</sup>.  
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
Hath fear'd the valiant<sup>18</sup>; by my love, I swear,  
The best-regarded virgins of our clime  
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,  
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely led  
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:  
Besides, the lottery of my destiny  
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;  
But, if my father had not scanted me,  
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself  
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,  
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,  
As any comer I have look'd on yet,  
For my affection.

*Mor.* Even for that I thank you;  
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,  
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—  
That slew the sophy, and a Persian prince,  
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—  
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,  
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,  
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear,  
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!

If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice  
Which is the better man, the greater throw  
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:  
So is Alcides beaten by his page<sup>19</sup>;  
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
And die with grieving.

*Por.* You must take your chance;  
And either not attempt to choose at all,  
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,  
Never to speak to lady afterward  
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

*Mor.* Nor will not; come, bring me unto my  
chance.

*Por.* First, forward to the temple; after dinner  
Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then! [CORNETS.  
To make me bless'd, or cursed'st among men.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Venice. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO<sup>20</sup>.

*Laun.* Certainly, my conscience will serve me to  
run from this Jew my master: The fiend is at mine  
elbow; and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launce-*  
*lot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good*  
*Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run*

*away: My conscience says,—no; take heed honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels:* Well the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via*, says the fiend: *away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens; rouse up a brave mind*, says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,—or rather an honest woman's son;*—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says,—*Launcelot, budge not; budge*, says the fiend; *budge not*, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

*Enter old Gobbo, with a basket.*

*Gob.* Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* [Aside.] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not: I will try conclusions with him.

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* Turn up on your right hand <sup>21</sup>, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

*Gob.* By God's sonties <sup>22</sup>, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; [Aside;] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

*Gob.* No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

*Laun.* But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

*Laun.* *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is,

indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot think, you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard

hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin,  
than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

*Laun.* It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail  
grows backward; I am sure, he had more hair on  
his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed! How dost  
thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a  
present: How 'gree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well; but, for mine own part, as  
I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest  
till I have run some ground: my master's a very  
Jew; Give him a present! give him a halter: I am  
famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I  
have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come;  
give me your present to one master Bassanio, who,  
indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him,  
I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare  
fortune! here comes the man;—to him father; for  
I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other  
followers.*

*Bass.* You may do so;—but let it be so hasted,  
that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the  
clock: See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to  
making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my  
lodging. [Exit a Servant.]

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship!

*Bass.* Gramercy; Would'st thou aught with me?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins:

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both;—What would you?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,  
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment,  
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted be-

tween my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy son:—

Take leave of thy old master, and enquire

My lodging out:—Give him a livery

[*To his followers.*]

More guarded than his fellows': See it done.

*Laun.* Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*looking on his palm;*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book<sup>23</sup>.—I shall have good fortune; Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed<sup>24</sup>;—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this geer.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and old Gollo.*]

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this; These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

*Leon.* My best endeavours shall be done herein.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Where is your master?

*Leon.*

Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit Leonardo.*]*Gra.* Signior Bassanio,—*Bass.* Gratiano!*Gra.* I have a suit to you.*Bass.*

You have obtain'd it.

*Gra.* You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.*Bass.* Why, then you must;—But hear thee, Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—  
Parts, that become thee happily enough,  
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;  
But where thou art not known, why, there they show  
Something too liberal <sup>25</sup>;—pray thee, take pain  
To allay with some cold drops of modesty  
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild beha-  
viour,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,  
And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me:  
If I do not put on a sober habit,  
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,  
Wear prayer books in my pocket, look demurely;  
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes  
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen;  
Use all the observance of civility,  
Like one well studied in a sad ostent <sup>26</sup>  
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage  
me

By what we do to-night.

*Bass.* No, that were pity;  
I would entreat you rather to put on  
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends  
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,  
I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;  
But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exit.]

### SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in Shylock's House.*

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

*Jess.* I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so;  
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:  
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.  
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see  
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:  
Give him this letter; do it secretly,  
And so farewell; I would not have my father  
See me talk with thee.

*Laun.* Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—  
Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian  
do not play the knave, and get thee, I am much  
deceived: But, adieu! these foolish drops do some-  
what drown my manly spirit; adieu! [Exit.]

*Jes.* Farewell, good Launcelot.—  
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,  
To be ashamed to be my father's child!  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,  
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;  
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.]

*SCENE IV.*

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.*

*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;  
Disguise us at my lodging, and return  
All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

*Salar.* We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers<sup>27</sup>.

*Salan.* 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;  
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but four a-clock; we have two hours  
To furnish us:—

*Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

*Laun.* An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

*Lor.* I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;  
And whiter than the paper it writ on,  
Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.

*Laun.* By your leave, sir.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew  
to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,  
I will not fail her;—speak it privately; go.—

Gentlemen, [Exit *Launcelot*.]

Will you prepare you for this mask to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

*Salan.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meet me, and Gratiano,  
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*Salar.* 'Tis good we do so. [Exeunt *Salar*. and *Salan*.]

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed,  
How I shall take her from her father's house;  
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with;  
What page's suit she hath in readiness.  
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,  
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:  
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,  
Unless she do it under this excuse,—  
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.  
Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest:  
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE V.

*The same. Before Shylock's House.*

*Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.*

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy  
judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—  
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,  
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—  
And sleep, and snore, and rend apparel out;—  
Why, Jessica, I say !

*Laun.* Why, Jessica!

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

*Laun.* Your worship was wont to tell me, I could  
do nothing without bidding.

*Enter JESSICA.*

*Jes.* Call you? What is your will?

*Shy.* I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;  
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?  
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:  
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon  
The prodigal Christian <sup>28</sup>.—Jessica, my girl,  
Look to my house:—I am right loth to go;  
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,  
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, sir, go; my young master  
doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Laun.* And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last<sup>29</sup>, at six o'clock i'the morning, falling out that year on Ash-wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

*Shy.* What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,  
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the publick street,  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:  
But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements;  
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,  
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:  
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;  
Say, I will come.

*Laun.* I will go before, sir.—

Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit *Laun.*]

*Shy.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

*Jes.* His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

*Shy.* The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder, Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;

Therefore I part with him; and part with him  
To one that I would have him help to waste  
His borrow'd purse.— Well, Jessica, go in;  
Perhaps, I will return immediately;  
Do, as I bid you,  
Shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;  
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.  
*Jes.* Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,  
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

## SCENE VI.

*The same.*

*Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo  
Desir'd us to make stand.

*Salar.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly  
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,  
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

*Gra.* That ever holds: Who riseth from a feast,  
With that keen appetite that he sits down?  
Where is the horse, that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with the unbated fire  
That he did pace them first? All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.  
How like a younker, or a prodigal,

The scarf'd bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
How like a prodigal doth she return;  
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this here-after.

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;

Not I, but my affairs have made you wait:  
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;  
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

*Enter JESSICA above, in Boy's Clothes.*

*Jes.* Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,  
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;  
For who love I so much? And now who knows,  
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

*Jes.* Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.  
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,  
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:  
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit;

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

*Jes.* What, must I hold a candle to my shames?  
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.  
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;  
And I should be obscur'd.

*Lor.* So are you, sweet,  
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.  
But come at once;  
For the close night doth play the run-away,  
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit, from above.*

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew<sup>30</sup>.

*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:  
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;  
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;  
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*Enter JESSICA, below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;  
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit, with Jessica and Salarino.*

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Who's there?

*Gra.* Signior Antonio?

*Ant.* Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?  
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you:—  
No masque to-night; the wind is come about,  
Bassanio presently will go aboard:  
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,  
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE VII.

*Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of Cornets.* Enter PORTIA, with the Prince  
of Morocco, and both their Trains.

*Por.* Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover  
The several caskets to this noble prince:—  
Now make your choice.

*Mor.* The first, of gold, who this inscription bears;  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
The second, silver, which this promise carries;—  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*  
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;—  
*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*  
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince;  
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,  
I will survey the inscriptions back again:  
What says this leaden casket?

*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.*  
Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?  
This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,  
Do it in hope of fair advantages:  
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;  
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.  
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.*  
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,  
And weigh thy value with an even hand:  
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,  
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough  
May not extend so far as to the lady;  
And yet to be afeard of my deserving,  
Were but a weak disabling of myself.  
As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:  
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,  
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;  
But, more than these, in love I do deserve.  
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—  
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;  
From the four corners of the earth they come,  
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.  
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds  
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,  
For princes to come view fair Portia:  
The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head  
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,  
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.  
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.  
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,  
To think so base a thought; it were too gross  
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.  
Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,  
Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold?  
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem  
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England  
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel  
Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon;  
But here an angel in a golden bed  
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;  
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

*Por.* There, take it, prince, and if my form lie  
there,

Then I am yours. [He unlocks the golden casket.]

*Mor.* O hell! what have we here?  
A carrion death, within whose empty eye  
There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,  
Often have you heard that told:  
Many a man his life hath sold,  
But my outside to behold:  
Gilded tombs do worms infold*<sup>31.</sup>  
*Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbs, in judgement old,  
Your answer had not been inscrol'd:  
Fare you well; your suit is cold.*

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:  
 Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.—  
 Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart  
 To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [Exit.  
*Por.* A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains,  
 go;—  
 Let all of his complexion choose me so<sup>32</sup>. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE VIII.

*Venice. A Street.*

*Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.*

*Salar.* Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;  
 With him is Gratiano gone along;  
 And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

*Salan.* The villain Jew with outrries rais'd the duke;

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was under sail:  
 But there the duke was given to understand,  
 That in a gondola were seen together  
 Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:  
 Besides, Antonio certify'd the duke,  
 They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

*Salan.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,  
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
 As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:  
*My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!*  
*Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!—*

*Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!  
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,  
Of double ducats stol'n from me by my daughter!  
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,  
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!  
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!*

*Salar.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,  
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*Salan.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day,  
Or he shall pay for this.

*Salar.* Marry, well remember'd,  
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday:  
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part  
The French and English, there miscarried  
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:  
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;  
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

*Salan.* You were best to tell Antonio what you  
hear;  
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.  
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:  
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed  
Of his return; he answer'd—*Do not so,*  
*Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,*  
*But stay the very riping of the time;*  
*And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,*  
*Let it not enter in your mind of love*<sup>33</sup>*:*  
*Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts*  
*To courtship, and such fair ostents of love*

*As shall conveniently become you there:*  
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,  
 And with affection wondrous sensible  
 He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

*Salan.* I think, he only loves the world for him.  
 I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,  
 And quicken his embraced heaviness <sup>34</sup>  
 With some delight or other.

*Salar.* Do we so. {*Exeunt.*

### SCENE IX.

*Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain  
 straight;  
 The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
 And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets.* *Enter the Prince of Arragon,*  
*PORTIA, and their Trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:  
 If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,  
 Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;  
 But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,  
 You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:  
 First, never to unfold to any one

Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly  
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear,  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I address'd me: Fortune now  
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.  
*Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:*  
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—  
*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*  
What many men desire.—That many may be meant  
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,  
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;  
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,  
Because I will not jump with common spirits,  
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.  
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;  
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;*  
And well said too; For who shall go about  
To cozen fortune, and be honourable  
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity.  
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,

Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour  
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!  
 How many then should cover, that stand bare?  
 How many be commanded, that command?  
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
 From the true seed of honour? and how much honour  
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
 To be new varnish'd<sup>35</sup>? Well, but to my choice:  
*Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:*  
 I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,  
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find  
 there.

*Ar.* What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,  
 Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.  
 How much unlike art thou to Portia?  
 How much unlike my hopes, and my deserving?  
*Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves:*  
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?  
 Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

*Por.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,  
 And of opposed natures.

*Ar.* What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this;*  
*Seven times tried that judgment is,*  
*That did never choose amiss;*  
*Some there be, that shadows kiss;*  
*Such have but a shadow's bliss:*  
*There be fools alive, I wis,*  
*Silver'd o'er; and so was this.*

*Take what wife you will to bed<sup>36</sup>,  
 I will ever be your head:  
 So begone, sir, you are sped.  
 Still more fool I shall appear  
 By the time I linger here:  
 With one fool's head I came to woo,  
 But I go away with two.—  
 Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,  
 Patiently to bear my wroth<sup>37</sup>.*

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*]

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.  
*O* these deliberate fools! when they do choose,  
 They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*Ner.* The antient saying is no heresy;—  
 Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Where is my lady?

*Por.* Here; what would my lord?

*Serv.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate  
 A young Venetian, one that comes before  
 To signify the approaching of his lord:  
 From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;  
 To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,  
 Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen  
 So likely an embassador of love:  
 A day in April never came so sweet,  
 To show how costly summer was at hand,  
 As this fore-spurrier comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,  
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—  
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*]

*ACT III. SCENE I.*

*Venice. A Street.*

*Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.*

*Salan.* Now, what news on the Rialto?

*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

*Salan.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the high-way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

*Salan.* Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!

*Salan.* Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Salar.* That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

*Salan.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damn'd for it.

*Salar.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Salan.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

*Salar.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhe-nish:—But tell us, do you hear, whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal <sup>38</sup>; who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so snug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call

me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: What's that good for?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million: laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

*Salar.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter TUBAL.*

*Salan.* Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Salan. Salar. and Servant.*]

*Shy.* How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Shy.* Why there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

*Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

*Tub.*—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

*Shy.* I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats!

*Shy.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me;—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

*Shy.* I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her! Thou tortur'est me, Tubal: it was my turquoise<sup>39</sup>; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for he were out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*

*SCENE II.**Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.**Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. The caskets are set out.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,  
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,  
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:  
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)  
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,  
Hate counsels not in such a quality:  
But lest you should not understand me well,  
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)  
I would detain you here some month or two,  
Before you venture for me. I could teach you  
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;  
So will I never be: so may you miss me,  
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,  
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,  
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;  
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—  
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,  
And so all yours: O! these naughty times  
Put bars between the owners and their rights;  
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,  
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I<sup>42</sup>.  
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time;  
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,

To stay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me choose;  
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess  
What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:  
There may as well be amity and life  
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

*Por.* Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,  
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confess, and live.

*Bass.* Confess, and love,  
Had been the very sum of my confession:  
O happy torment, when my torturer  
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!  
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away then: I am lock'd in one of them:  
If you do love me, you will find me out.—  
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—  
Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice;  
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in musick: that the comparison  
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,  
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;  
And what is musick then? then musick is  
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow  
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,  
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,  
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,  
 With no less presence<sup>41</sup>, but with much more love,  
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem  
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy  
 To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,  
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,  
 With bleared visages, come forth to view  
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!  
 Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay  
 I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

*Musick, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.*

### S O N G.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy bred,*  
*Or in the heart, or in the head?*  
*How begot, how nourished?*

*Reply.] 2. It is engender'd in the eyes,*  
*With gazing fed; and fancy dies*  
*In the cradle where it lies:*  
*Let us all ring fancy's knell;*  
*I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.*

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

*Bass.—So may the outward shows be least themselves;*

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,

What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;  
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?  
And these assume but valour's excrement,  
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,  
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;  
Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that wear most of it:  
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.  
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf  
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,  
Which rather threat'nest, than dost promise aught,  
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,  
And here choose I; Joy be the consequence!

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to air,  
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,  
 And shudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealousy.  
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,  
 In measure rain thy joy <sup>42</sup>, scant this excess;  
 I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,  
 For fear I surfeit!

*Bass.*                   What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god  
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?  
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,  
 Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar  
 Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her  
 hairs

The painter plays the spider; and hath woven  
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—  
 How could he see to do them? having made one,  
 Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,  
 And leave itself unfurnish'd <sup>43</sup>: Yet look, how far  
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
 Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,  
 The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view,*  
*Chance as fair, and choose as true!*  
*Since this fortune falls to you,*  
*Be content, and seek no new.*

*If you be well pleas'd with this,  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is,  
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll;—Fair lady, by your leave;

[*Kissing her;*

I come by note, to give, and to receive.  
Like one of two contending in a prize,  
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,  
Hearing applause, and universal shout,  
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt  
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;  
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;  
As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

*Por.* You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am: though, for my self alone,  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,  
I would be trebled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
More rich;  
That only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account: but the full sum of me  
Is sum of something <sup>44</sup>; which, to term in gross,  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn; and happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;

Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit .  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours  
Is now converted: but now I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants, and this same myself,  
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;  
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,  
Let it presage the ruin of your love,  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words,  
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:  
And there is such confusion in my powers,  
As, after some oration fairly spoke  
By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;  
Where every something, being blent together,  
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
Express'd, and not express'd: But when this ring  
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;  
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,  
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,  
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,  
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;  
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me <sup>45</sup>;  
And, when your honours mean to solemnize

The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,  
Even at that time I may be married too.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordship; you have got me  
one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:  
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;  
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission  
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;  
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:  
For wooing here, until I sweat again;  
And swearing, till my very roof was dry  
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—  
I got a promise of this fair one here,  
To have her love, provided that your fortune  
Atchiev'd her mistress.

*Por.* Is this true, Nerissa?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

*Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

*Gra.* Yes, 'faith, my lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your  
marriage.

*Gra.* We'll play with them, the first boy, for a  
thousand ducats.

*Ner.* What, and stake down?

*Gra.* No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and  
stake down.—

But who comes here, Lorenzo, and his infidel?  
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.*

*Bass.*, Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;  
If that the youth of my new interest here  
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,  
I bid my very friends and countrymen,  
Sweet Portia, welcome.

*Por.* So do I, my lord;  
They are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,  
My purpose was not to have seen you here;  
But meeting with Salerio by the way,  
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,  
To come with him along.

*Sale.* I did, my lord,  
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio  
Commends him to you. [Gives Bassanio a letter.

*Bass.* Ere I ope this letter,  
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

*Sale.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;  
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there  
Will show you his estate.

*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger; bid her welcome.

Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?  
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?  
I know, he will be glad of our success;  
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

*Sale.* 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

*Por.* There are some shrewd contents in yon' same  
paper,

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:  
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world  
Could turn so much the constitution  
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—  
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,  
And I must freely have the half of any thing  
That this same paper brings you.

*Bass.* O sweet Portia,

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,  
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,  
When I did first impart my love to you,  
I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;  
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,  
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see  
How much I was a braggart: When I told you  
My state was nothing, I should then have told you  
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,  
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,  
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,  
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady:  
The paper as the body of my friend,  
And every word in it a gaping wound,  
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?  
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?  
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,  
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?  
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch

Of merchant-marrying rocks ?

*Sale.* Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
The present money to discharge the Jew,  
He would not take it: Never did I know  
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,  
So keen and greedy to confound a man:  
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;  
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,  
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,  
The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;  
But none can drive him from the envious plea  
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

*Jes.* When I was with him, I have heard him  
swear,

To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,  
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,  
Than twenty times the value of the sum  
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,  
If law, authority, and power deny not,  
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

*Por.* Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies; and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honour more appears,  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Por.* What sum owes he the Jew?

*Bass.* For me, three thousand ducats.

*Por.*

What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;  
Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.  
First, go with me to church, and call me wife;  
And then away to Venice to your friend;  
For never shall you lay by Portia's side  
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;  
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:  
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,  
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;  
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:  
Bid your friends welcome; show a merry cheer;  
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—  
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass.* [reads.] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

*Por.* O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste: but, till I come again,  
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,  
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*Venice. A Street.*

*Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.*

*Shy.* Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy;—

This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—  
Gaoler, look to him.

*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;

I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:  
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause;  
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:  
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,  
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond <sup>46</sup>  
To come abroad with him at his request.

*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.  
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
To christian intercessors. Follow not;  
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit Shylock.*

*Salan.* It is the most impenetrable cur,  
That ever kept with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone;  
 I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.  
 He seeks my life; his reason well I know;  
 I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures  
 Many that have at times made moan to me;  
 Therefore he hates me.

*Salan.* I am sure, the duke  
 Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course of law<sup>47</sup> ;  
 For the commodity that strangers have  
 With us in Venice, if it be denied,  
 Will much impeach the justice of the state;  
 Since that the trade and profit of the city  
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:  
 These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,  
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—  
 Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come  
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

*Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHAZAR.*

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in your presence,  
 You have a noble and a true conceit  
 Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly

In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,  
How true a gentleman you send relief,  
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,  
I know, you would be prouder of the work,  
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now: for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit<sup>48</sup>;  
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,  
Being the bosom lover of my lord,  
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,  
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,  
In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
From out the state of hellish cruelty?  
This comes too near the praising of myself;  
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—  
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
The husbandry and manage of my house,  
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,  
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,  
To live in prayer and contemplation,  
Only attended by Nerissa here,  
Until her husband and my lord's return:  
There is a monastery two miles off,  
And there we will abide. I do desire you,  
Not to deny this imposition;

The which my love, and some necessity,  
Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart;  
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,  
And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.  
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!

*Jes.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd  
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*]

Now, Balthazar,  
As I have ever found thee honest, true,  
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,  
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,  
In speed to Padua; see thou render this  
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario:  
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give  
thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed  
Unto the tranect <sup>49</sup>, to the common ferry  
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,  
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

*Balth.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*]

*Por.* Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,  
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands  
Before they think of us.

*Ner.* Shall they see us?

*Por.* They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,  
That they shall think we are accomplished  
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both accouter'd like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;  
And speak, between the change of man and boy,  
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps  
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,  
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,  
How honourable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;  
I could not do with all;—then I'll repent,  
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:  
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
That men shall swear, I have discontinu'd school  
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
Which I will practise.

*Ner.* Why, shall we turn to men?

*Por.* Fie! what a question's that,  
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?  
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device  
When I am in my coach, which stays for us  
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,  
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt*

*SCENE V.**The same. A Garden.**Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.*

*Laun.* Yes, truly :—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children ; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter : Therefore be of good cheer ; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good ; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

*Jes.* And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

*Laun.* Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

*Jes.* That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed ; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

*Laun.* Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother : thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother : well, you are gone both ways.

*Jes.* I shall be saved by my husband ; he hath made me a Christian.

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he : we were Christians enough before ; e'en as many as could well live, one by another : This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs ; if we grow all to be

pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Jes.* I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

*Lor.* I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

*Jes.* Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

*Lor.* I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

*Laun.* It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason<sup>so</sup>: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

*Lor.* Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

*Laun.* That is done too, sir; only cover is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover then, sir?

*Laun.* Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Laun.* For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit *Launcelot.*]

*Lor.* O dear discretion, how his words are suited! The fool hath planted in his memory An army of good words; And I do know A many fools, that stand in better place, Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica? And now, good sweet, say thy opinion, How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

*Jes.* Past all expressing: It is very meet, The lord Bassanio live an upright life; For, having such a blessing in his lady, He finds the joys of heaven here on earth; And, if on earth he do not mean it, it Is reason he should never come to heaven. Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match, And on the wager lay two earthly women, And Portia one, there must be something else Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world

Hath not her fellow.

*Lor.* Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

*Jes.* Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

*Lor.* I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

*Jes.* Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;  
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things  
I shall digest it.

*Jes.* Well, I'll set you forth. [Exeunt.

#### *ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*Venice. A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, and others.*

*Duke.* What, is Antonio here?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.* I have heard,  
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me

Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury ; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Salan.* He's ready at the door : he comes my lord.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our  
face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act ; and then, 'tis thought,  
Thou'l<sup>t</sup> show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange  
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty :  
And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,) )  
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,  
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back ;  
Enough to press a royal merchant down<sup>51</sup>,  
And pluck commiseration of his state  
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd  
To offices of tender courtesy.  
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I pur-  
pose ;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.  
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:  
But, say, it is my humour<sup>52</sup>: Is it answer'd?  
What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?  
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig<sup>53</sup>;  
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;  
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,  
Cannot contain their urine; For affection,  
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your answer:  
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
Why he, a swollen bag-pipe<sup>54</sup>; but of force  
Must yield to such inevitable shame,  
As to offend, himself being offended;  
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you question with the Jew: You may as well go stand upon the beach, And bid the main flood bate his usual height; You may as well use question with the wolf, Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb; You may as well forbid the mountain pines To wag their high tops, and to make no noise, When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven; You may as well do any thing most hard, As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?) His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you, Make no more offers, use no further means, But, with all brief and plain conveniency, Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats Were in six parts, and every part a ducat, I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

*Shy.* What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave<sup>55</sup>, Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules, You use in abject and in slavish parts, Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,

Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds  
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,  
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:  
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:  
If you deny me, fie upon your law!  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:  
I stand for judgement: answer; shall I have it?

*Duke.* Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,  
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here to-day.

*Salar.* My lord, here stays without  
A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters: Call the messenger.

*Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:  
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

*Ner.* From both my lord: Bellario greets your grace. [Presents a letter.]

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew<sup>56</sup>, Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can, No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith, To hold opinion with Pythagoras, That souls of animals infuse themselves Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter, Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet, And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam, Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd and ravenous.

*Shy.* Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond, Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud: Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend A young and learned doctor to our court:— Where is he?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by, To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart:—some three or four of you,  
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—  
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] *Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:  
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.*  
Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?  
*Por.* I did, my lord.  
*Duke.* You are welcome: take your place.  
Are you acquainted with the difference  
That holds this present question in the court?

*Por.* I am informed throughly of the cause.  
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;  
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—  
You stand within his danger, do you not?

[*To Antonio.*

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd;  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—

That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;  
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,  
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:  
If this will not suffice, it must appear  
That malice bears down truth<sup>57</sup>. And I beseech you,  
Wrest once the law to your authority:  
To do a great right, do a little wrong;  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be; there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established:  
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;  
And many an error, by the same example,  
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Da-  
niel!—

O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?  
No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;  
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour.—  
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgement; by my soul I swear,  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgement.

*Por.* Why then, thus it is.  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife:

*Shy.* O noble judge! O excellent young man!

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

*Por.* Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast:  
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—  
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh  
The flesh?

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your  
charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond?

*Por.* It is not so express'd; But what of that?

'Twere good, you do so much for charity.

*Shy.* I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

*Ant.* But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—  
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;

For herein fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use,

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end,

Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife.

Which is as dear to me as life itself;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for  
that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;  
I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;  
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Shy.* These be the christian husbands: I have a  
daughter;  
'Would, any of the stock of Barrabas  
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!

[*Aside.*]

We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is  
thine;  
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Most rightful judge!

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his  
breast;

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge!—A sentence; come;  
prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a little;—there is something else.—  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;

The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned  
judge!

*Shy.* Is that the law?

*Por.* Thyself shalt see the act:  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

*Gra.* O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned  
judge!

*Shy.* I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the money.

*Por.* Soft;  
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

*Por.* Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.  
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,  
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,  
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much  
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair,—  
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court;  
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

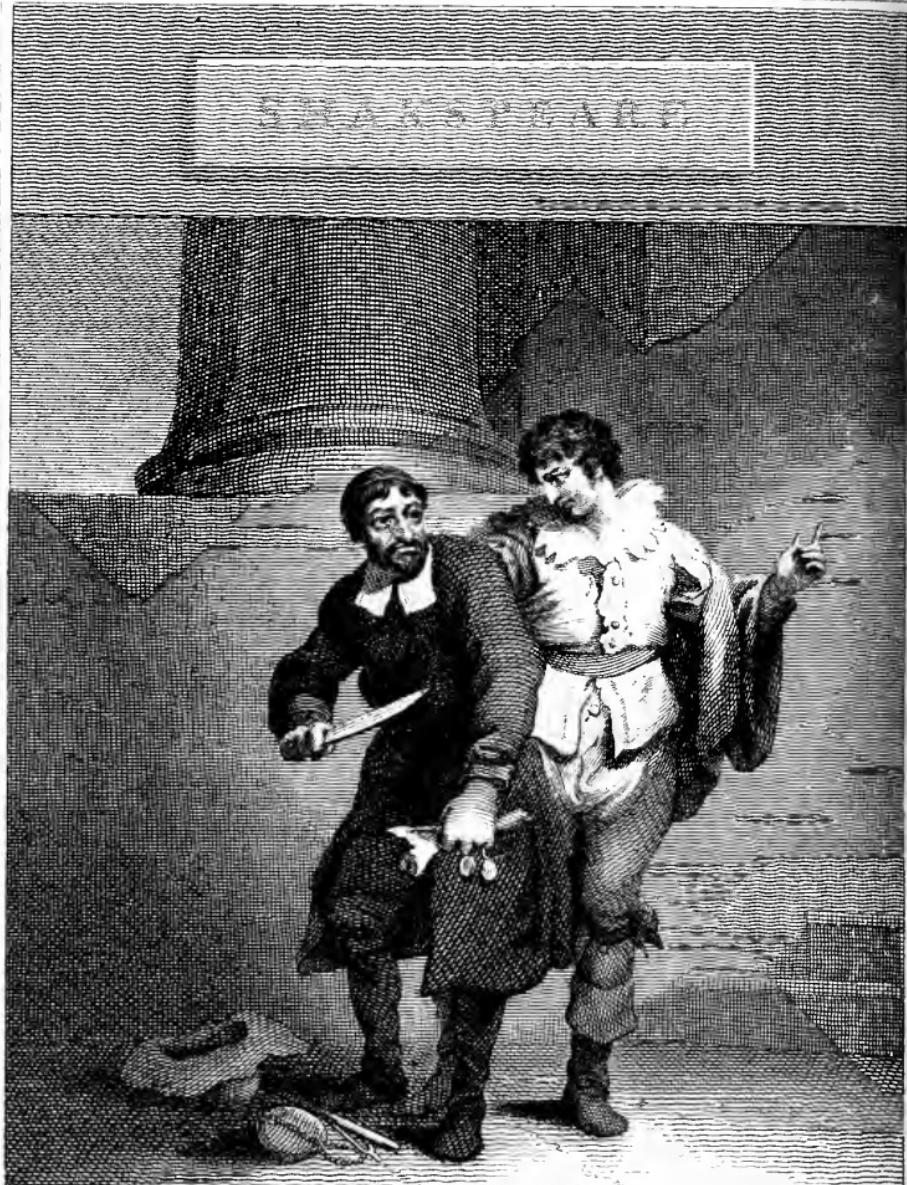
*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why then the devil give him good of it!  
I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew;  
The law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—  
If it be prov'd against an alien,  
That by direct, or indirect attempts,  
He seek the life of any citizen,  
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,  
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half  
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.  
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:  
For it appears by manifest proceeding,  
That, indirectly, and directly too,  
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life  
Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd





## MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Gratly that shee might haue lawe to hange hym,  
And yet thy wretched bessy forfeite to the state  
Thou hast not left the value of a word,  
Therefore he muste be hanged at the states charge.  
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The danger formerly by me rehears'd.  
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gra.* Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang  
thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;  
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,  
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:  
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;  
The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:  
You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

*Gra.* A halter gratis; nothing else for God's sake.

*Ant.* So please my lord the duke, and all the court,  
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;  
I am content, so he will let me have  
The other half in use,—to render it,  
Upon his death, unto the gentleman  
That lately stole his daughter.  
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,  
He presently become a Christian;  
The other, that he do record a gift,  
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,  
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this; or else I do recant  
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou  
say?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;  
I am not well; send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In christening thou shalt have two god-  
fathers;

Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more<sup>58</sup>,  
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*

*Duke.* Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;  
I must away this night toward Padua,  
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.  
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;  
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.*

*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*Ant.* And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid, that is well satisfied ;  
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
And therein do account myself well paid ;  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
I pray you, know me, when we meet again ;  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

*Bass.* Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further ;  
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
Not as a fee ; grant me two things I pray you,  
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will yield,  
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake ;  
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you !—  
Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more ;  
And you in love shall not deny me this.

*Bass.* This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle ;  
I will not shame myself to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this ;  
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

*Bass.* There's more depends on this, than on the  
value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,  
And find it out by proclamation ;  
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

*Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :  
You taught me first to beg ; and now, methinks,  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife ;  
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,  
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

*Por.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.  
 An if your wife be not a mad woman,  
 And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,  
 She would not hold out enemy for ever,  
 For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*]

*Ant.* My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;  
 Let his deservings, and my love withal,  
 Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement.

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,  
 Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,  
 Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.

[*Exit Gratiano.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently;  
 And in the morning early will we both  
 Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* Enquire the Jew's house out, give him this  
 deed,  
 And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,  
 And be a day before our husbands home:  
 This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Fair sir, you are well overtaken:

My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,  
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat  
Your company at dinner.

*Por.* That cannot be:  
This ring I do accept most thankfully,  
And so, I pray you, tell him; Furthermore,  
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you:—  
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring. [To *Portia*.  
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

*Por.* Thou may'st, I warrant: We shall have old  
swearing,

That they did give the rings away to men;  
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.  
Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.

*Ner.* Come, good sir, will you show me to this  
house? [Exeunt.

### ACT V. SCENE I.

*Belmont. Avenue to Portia's House.*

*Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.*

*Lor.* The moon shines bright:—In such a night  
as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise; in such a night,  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,

And sigh'd his soul tow'rds the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,  
And ran dismay'd away.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand.  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;  
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,  
As far as Belmont.

*Jess.* And in such a night,  
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* And in such a night,  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jes.* I would out-night you, did no body come;  
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night?  
*Serv.* A friend.

*Lor.* A friend? what friend? your name, I pray  
you, friend?

*Serv.* Stepháno is my name; and I bring word,  
My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about  
By holy crosses <sup>59</sup>, where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours.

*Lor.* Who comes with her?

*Serv.* None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.  
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard from  
him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

*Laun.* Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

*Lor.* Who calls?

*Laun.* Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and  
mistress Lorenzo! sola, sola!

*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man; here.

*Laun.* Sola! where? where?

*Lor.* Here.

*Laun.* Tell him, there's a post come from my mas-  
ter, with his horn full of good news; my master will  
be here ere morning. [Exit.

*Lor.* Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their  
coming.

And yet no matter;—Why should we go in?

My friend Stepháno, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;  
And bring your musick forth into the air.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick  
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;  
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
And draw her home with musick.

*Jes.* I am never merry, when I hear sweet musick.

[*Musick.*]

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive:  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of musick touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of musick: Therefore, the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and  
floods;

Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But musick for the time doth change his nature:  
The man that hath no musick in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted<sup>60</sup>.—Mark the musick.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.*

*Por.* That light we see is burning in my hall.  
How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not see the  
candle.

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the less:  
A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
Until a king be by; and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. Musick! hark!

*Ner.* It is your musick, madam, of the house.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect;  
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

*Ner.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,

When neither is attended; and, I think,  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.  
How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise, and true perfection!—  
Peace, hoa! the moon sleeps with Endymion,  
And would not be awak'd! *Musick ceases.*

*Lor.* That is the voice,

Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man knows the  
cuckoo,  
by the bad voice.

By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
Are they return'd?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet;  
But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

*Por.*                            Go in, Nerissa,  
Give order to my servants, that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence;—  
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

[A bucket sounds.]

*Lor.* Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:  
We are no telitales, madam; fear you not.

*Por.* This night, methinks, is but the daylight  
    sick,

It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the Antipodes,  
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

*Por.* Let me give light, but let me not be light;  
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,  
And never be Bassanio so for me;  
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—

This is the man, this is Antonio,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house:  
It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

[*Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk apart.*

*Gra.* By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;  
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:  
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,  
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

*Por.* A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give me; whose posy was

For all the world, like cutler's poetry  
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

*Ner.* What talk you of the posy, or the value?  
You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it till your hour of death;  
And that it should lie with you in your grave:  
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
You should have been respective, and have kept it<sup>61</sup>.  
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,  
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

*Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.

*Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—  
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,  
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;  
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;  
I could not for my heart deny it him.

*Por.* You were to blame, I must be plain with  
you,  
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;  
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,  
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.  
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear  
Never to part with it: and here he stands;  
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,  
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth  
That the world masters. Now, in faith, *Gratiano*,  
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;  
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

*Bass.* Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,

And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [Aside.]

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,  
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,  
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:  
And neither man, nor master, would take aught  
But the two rings.

*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord?  
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it; but you see, my finger  
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

*Por.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.  
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed  
Until I see the ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours,  
Till I again see mine.

*Bass.* Sweet Portia,  
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
When naught would be accepted but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,  
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,  
Or your own honour to contain the ring,  
You would not then have parted with the ring.  
What man is there so much unreasonable<sup>62</sup>,  
If you had pleas'd to have defended it

With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty  
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?  
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;  
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

*Bass.* No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,  
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,  
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,  
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,  
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;  
Even he that had held up the very life  
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?  
I was enforc'd to send it after him;  
I was beset with shame and courtesy;  
My honour would not let ingratitude  
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;  
For, by these blessed candles of the night,  
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd  
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:  
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,  
And that which you did swear to keep for me,  
I will become as liberal as you;  
I'll not deny him any thing I have,  
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed;  
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:  
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:  
If you do not, if I be left alone,  
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,  
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

*Ner.* And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

*Gra.* Well, do you so: let not me take him then:  
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

*Ant.* I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithstanding.

*Bass.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong:  
And, in the hearing of these many friends,  
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,  
Wherein I see myself,—

*Por.* Mark you but that!  
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:  
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,  
And there's an oath of credit.

*Bass.* Nay, but hear me:  
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,  
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his wealth<sup>13</sup>;  
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

[To Portia.]  
Had quite miscarried; I dare be bound again,  
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.

*Por.* Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;  
And bid him keep it better than the other.

*Ant.* Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

*Bass.* By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

*Por.* I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio:  
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;

For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,  
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of highways  
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:  
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

*Por.* Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:  
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;  
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:  
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;  
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here  
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,  
And but even now return'd; I have not yet  
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;  
And I have better news in store for you,  
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;  
There you shall find, three of your argosies  
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:  
You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

*Gra.* Were you the clerk, that is to make me  
cuckold?

*Ner.* Ay; but the clerk, that never means to  
do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;  
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life, and  
living;

For here I read for certain, that my ships  
Are safely come to road.

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—  
There do I give to you, and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,  
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full: Let us go in;  
And charge us there upon intergatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be so: The first intergatory,  
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,  
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;  
Or go to bed now, being two hours to-day:  
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,  
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.  
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing  
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [Exeunt.



## ANNOTATIONS

UPON

## MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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<sup>1</sup> *Argosie,*] a ship from Argo. POPE.

Whether it be derived from Argo I am in doubt. It was a name given in our author's time to ships of great burden, probably galleons, such as the Spaniards now use in their West India trade.

JOHNSON.

An Argosie meant originally a ship from Ragusa, a city and territory on the gulph of Venice, tributary to the Porte.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Plucking the grass, &c.]* By holding up the grass, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found.

*This way I used in shooting. Betwixt the markes was an open place, there I take a fethere, or a lytle grasse, and so learned how the wind stood.* Ascham.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Vailing her high top lower than her ribs.]* In Bullokar's English Expository, 1616, *to vail*, is thus explained: "It means to put off the hat, to strike sail, to give sign of submission." So in Stephen

Gosson's book, called *Playes confuted in several actions*:—“They might have *vailed* and bended to the king's idol.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —*would almost damn those ears.*] Several old editions have it, *dam*, *damme*, and *daunt*. Some more correct copies, *damn*. The author's meaning is this; That some people are thought wise, whilst they keep silence; who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them *fools*, and so incur the judgment denounç'd in the Gospel.

THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> —*sometimes*] *sometimes* and *sometime*, in old English, meant *formerly*.

<sup>6</sup> *Ay that's a colt indeed.*] *Colt* is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster, whence the phrase used of an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth*. See Hen. VIII.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —*there is the county Palatine.*] I am always inclined to believe, that Shakspeare has more allusions to particular facts and persons than his readers commonly suppose. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Lasco, a Polish Palatine, who visited England in our author's time, was eagerly caressed, and splendidly entertained; but running in debt, at last stole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> —*he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;*] A satire on the ignorance of the young English travellers in our author's time.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> —*Scottish lord,*] Scottish, which is in the

quarto, was omitted in the first folio, for fear of giving offence to king James's countrymen.

## THEOBALD.

<sup>10</sup> *I think, the Frenchman became his surety.]* Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English. This alliance is here humourously satirized. WARBURTON.

<sup>11</sup> *How like you the young German?] in Shakspeare's time the duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made knight of the garter.*

Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of Queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.

<sup>12</sup> —*catch him once upon the hip.]* A phrase taken from the practice of wrestlers. JOHNSON.

<sup>13</sup> —*the ripe wants of my friend.]* *Ripe wants* are wants *come to the height*, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read, *rife wants*, wants that come thick upon him. JOHNSON.

<sup>14</sup> *O! what a goodly outside falsehood hath.]* *Falsehood*, which as *truth* means *honesty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not stand for *falsehood* in general, but for the dishonesty now operating.

JOHNSON.

<sup>15</sup> *A breed of barren metal of his friend?] A breed,* that is interest money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this, that money is a *barren* thing,

and cannot like corn and cattle multiply itself. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition.      WARBURTON.

<sup>16</sup> —dwell in my necessity.] To *dwell* seems in this place to mean the same as to *continue*. To *abide* has both the senses of *habitation* and *continuance*.      JOHNSON.

<sup>17</sup> To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.] To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is very well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditional sign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frightened soldiers, a *lily liver'd* Lown; again in this play, Cowards are said to have *livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *muksop*.      JOHNSON.

<sup>18</sup> Hath fear'd the valiant;] i. e. *terrify'd*. To *fear* is often used by our old writers, in this sense. So B. Jonson, in Every Man in his Humour: “Make him a warrant, (he shall not go) “ I but *fear* the knave.”

So again in *Hen. VI. 3d Part*:

“ Thou seest what's past, go *fear* thy king withall.”

So again in the same play;

“ For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all.”

And again in *Hen. IV. Part II.*

“ The people *fear* me, for they do observe

“ Unfather'd heirs, &c.      STEEVENS.

<sup>19</sup> So is Alcides beaten by his page.] Though the whole set of editions concur in reading, *beaten by his*

rage, yet it is corrupt at bottom. Let us look into the poet's drift, and the history of the persons mentioned in the context. If Hercules, (says he) and Lichas were to play at dice for the decision of their superiority, Lichas, the weaker man, might have the better cast of the two. But how then is Alcides beaten by his *rage*? The poet means no more, than, if Lichas had the better throw, so might Hercules himself be beaten by Lichas. And who was he, but a poor unfortunate servant of Hercules, that unknowingly brought his master the envenom'd shirt, dipt in the blood of the Centaur Nessus, and was thrown headlong into the sea for his pains? This one circumstance of Lichas's quality known, sufficiently ascertains the emendation, I have substituted *page* instead of *rage*.

## THEOBALD.

<sup>20</sup> Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.] The old copies read—*Enter the Clown alone*; and throughout the play he is called so at most of his *entrances* or *exits*.

## STEEVENS.

<sup>21</sup> *Turn up, on your right hand, &c.*] This arch and perplexed direction, to puzzle the enquirer, seems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the Brothers of Terence:

—*uli eas præterieris,  
Adsinistram hac rectâ plateâ: uli ad Dianæ veneris,  
Ito ad dextrum: prius quam ad portam venias, &c.*

## WARBURTON.

<sup>22</sup> *By God's sonthies—*] i. e. By God's *sanctities* or holiness.

<sup>23</sup> Well, if any man in Italy hath a *fairer table*, &c.] The chiromantic term for the lines of the hand. So Ben Jonson in his Mask of gipsies to the lady Elizabeth Hatton:

*Mistress of a fairer table,  
Hath not history nor fable.*

*Which doth offer to swear upon a book, &c.]* This nonsense seems to have taken its rise from the accident of a lost line in transcribing the play for the press; so that the passage, for the future, should be printed thus,—*Well, if any man in Italy, have a fairer table, which doth \*\*\*\*\* offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.* It is impossible to find, again, the lost line: but the lost sense is easy enough—*if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth* [promise luck, I am mistaken. I durst almost] *offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.*

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton understood the word, but puzzles himself with no great success in the pursuit of the meaning. The whole matter is this: Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inspects his hand, and congratulates himself upon the felicities in his table. The act of expounding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is shewn, by raising it to lay it on the book, in judicial attestations. *Well, says he, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to swear upon a-*

*book*—Here he stops with an abruptness very common, and proceeds to particulars. JOHNSON.

<sup>24</sup> *In peril of my life with the edge of a feathered.]* A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying.—A certain French writer uses the same kind of figure, *O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée sur la pointe d'un Oreiller, & m' être rompu le Cou.*— WAREURTON.

<sup>25</sup> *Something too liberal.]* Liberal I have already shewn to be *mean, gross, coarse, licentious.* JOHNSON.

<sup>26</sup> —*sad ostent,*] i. e. grave appearance.

<sup>27</sup> —*torch-bearers.]* See the note in *Rom. & Jul. Act I. Sc. 4.* We have not *spoke as yet*, &c. i. e. *we have not yet bespoke us*, &c. Thus the old copies. Mr. Pope reads—“ *spoke as yet.*”—

STEEVENS.

<sup>28</sup> ——————*To feed upon  
The prodigal Christian.*

Shakspeare has made Shylock forget his resolution. In a former scene he declares he will neither *eat, drink, nor pray* with Christians. Of this circumstance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his most settled resolve, for the prosecution of his revenge. STEEVENS.

<sup>29</sup> —*then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last.]* Black-Monday is a moveable day; it is “ *Easter Monday*, and “ *was so called on this occasion: In the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the mor-*

" row after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host,  
 " lay before the city of Paris; which day was full  
 " dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that  
 " many men died on their horses' backs with the  
 " cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been  
 " called the *Black-Monday*." Stowe, p. 264—6.

GRAY.

<sup>30</sup> —*a Gentile, and no Jew.*] A jest rising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *Heathen*, and *one well born*. JOHNSON.

<sup>31</sup> *Gilded tombs do worms infold.*] In all the old editions this line is written thus:

*Gilded timber do worms infold.*

From which Mr. Rowe and all the following editions have made

*Gilded wood may worms infold.*

A line not bad in itself, but not so applicable to the occasion as that which, I believe, Shakspeare wrote.

*Gilded tombs do worms infold.*

A tomb is the proper repository of a *death's-head*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>32</sup> *Chuse me so.*] The old quarto edition of 1600 has no distribution of acts, but proceeds from the beginning to the end in an unbroken tenour. This play therefore having been probably divided without authority by the publishers of the first folio, lies open to a new regulation, if any more commodious division can be proposed. The story is itself so wildly incredible, and the changes of the scene so frequent and capricious, that the probability of action does not

deserve much care; yet it may be proper to observe, that, by concluding the second act here, time is given for Bassanio's passage to Belmont. JOHNSON.

<sup>33</sup> —*your mind of love.*] So all the copies, but I suspect some corruption. JOHNSON.

This imaginary corruption is removed by only putting a comma after *mind*. LANGTON.

*Of love*, is an adjuration sometimes used by Shakespeare. So *Merry Wives, Act II. Sc. 7.*

“ Quick. —desires you to send her your little “ page of all loves,” i. c. she desires you to send him *by all means*.

*Your mind of love* may however in this instance mean—*your loving mind*, or *your mind which should now be intent only on love*. STEEVENS.

<sup>34</sup> —*embraced heaviness.*] When I thought the passage corrupted, it seemed to me not improbable that Shakspeare had written *entranced heaviness*, musing, abstracted, moping melancholy. But I know not why any great efforts should be made to change a word which has no uncommodious or unusual sense. We say of man now, *that he hugs his sorrows*, and why might not Anthonio *embrace heaviness?* JOHNSON.

<sup>35</sup> *How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
From the true seed of honour?*]

The meaning is, *How much meanness would be found among the great, and how much greatness among the mean.* But since men are always said to *glean* corn though they may *pick chaff*, the sentence

had been more agreeable to the common manner of speech if it had been written thus,

*How much low peasantry would then be pick'd  
From the true seed of honour? how much honour  
Glean'd from the chaff?*                   JOHNSON.

<sup>36</sup> *Take what wife you will to bed.]* Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who missed Portia was never to marry any woman.                   JOHNSON.

<sup>37</sup> —*to bear my wroth.]* The old editions read—“ to bear my *wroath*.” *Wroath* is used in some of the old books for *misfortune*; and is often spelt like *ruth*, which at present signifies only *pity*, or *sorrow for the misery of another.*                   STEEVENS.

<sup>38</sup> —*a bankrupt, a prodigal.]* This is spoke of Antonio. But why a prodigal? his friend Bassanio indeed had been too liberal; and with this name the Jew honours him when he is going to sup with him.

—*I'll go in hate to feed upon  
The prodigal Christian*—

But Antonio was a plain, reserved, parsimonious merchant; be assured therefore we should read,—*A bankrupt for a prodigal*, i. e. he is become bankrupt by supplying the extravagancies of his friend Bassanio.                   WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration. There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than such liberality as that by which a man exposes himself to ruin for his friend.                   JOHNSON.

<sup>39</sup> [*It was my Turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor.*] As Shylock had been married

long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this Turquoise on account of the money for which he might hope to sell it, but merely in respect of the imaginary virtues formerly ascribed to the stone. It was said of the Turkey-stone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. To this B. Jonson refers, in his *Sejanus*:

“ And true as *Turkise* in my dear lord’s ring ;

“ Look well, or ill with him.”

Other superstitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preservative to the wearer.

STEEVENS.

<sup>40</sup> ————— *O ! these naughty times*

*Put bars between the owners and their rights;*

*And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,*

*Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.]*

The meaning is, “ If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event, that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath.”

REVISAL.

<sup>41</sup> *With no less presence.]* With the same dignity of mien.

<sup>42</sup> *In measure rain thy joy.]* The first quarto edition reads,

*In measure range thy joy.*

I believe Shakspeare alluded to the well known proverb, *It cannot rain but it pours.* STEEVENS.

<sup>43</sup> *And leave itself unfurnish'd:]* Some of the latter editions have alter'd *unfurnish'd* to *unfinished*. The amendment was needless; for *unfurnished* means destitute of a companion; i. e. "when the painter's eyes were stolen by the *eye* which he had created, he had not power to furnish it with a fellow."

<sup>44</sup> *Is sum of something,—]* We should read, *sOME of something*, i. e. only a piece, or part only of an imperfect account; which she explains in the following line.

WARBURTON.

Thus one of the quartos. The folio reads,

*Is sum of nothing.—* STEEVENS.

<sup>45</sup> *You can wish none from me:]* That is, none *away from me*: none that I shall lose, if you gain it.

JOHNSON.

<sup>46</sup> —*so fond.]* *Fond* here means *foolish*.

<sup>47</sup> *The duke cannot deny the course of law.]* As the reason here given seems a little perplexed, it may be proper to explain it. If, says he, the duke stop the course of law it will be attended with this inconvenience, that stranger merchants, by whom the wealth and power of this city is supported, will cry out of injustice. For the known stated law being their guide and security, they will never bear to have the current of it stopped on any pretence of equity whatsoever.

WARBURTON.

<sup>48</sup> *Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;]* The

wrong pointing has made this fine sentiment nonsense. As implying that friendship could not only make a similitude of manners, but of *faces*. The true sense is, *lineaments of manners*, i. e. *form of the manners*, which, says the speaker, must needs be proportionate.

WARBURTON.

The poet only means to say, *that corresponding proportions of body and mind are necessary for those who spend their time together*. Every one will allow that the friend of a toper should have a strong head, and the intimate of a sportsman such an athletic constitution as will enable him to acquit himself with reputation in the exercises of the field. The word *lineaments* was used with great laxity by our ancient writers. In “The learned and true Assertion of the Original Life, &c. of King Arthur, translated from the Latin of John Leland, 1582,” it is used for the human frame in general. Speaking of the removal of that prince’s bones,—he calls them *Arthur’s lineaments three times translated*; and again, *all the lineaments of them remaining in that most stately tomb, saving the shin bones of the king and queen, &c.*

STEEVENS.

\*<sup>2</sup> *Unto the tranect—*] *Tranect* appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps *tranect* is rather derived from *trana*, which in Italian is a term of encouragement, used by one person to induce another *to go on*, or *proceed*; and

so may be considered as having relation to the watermen's plying passengers at the Ferry.

50 *It is much that the Moor should be more, &c.]* This brings to mind the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has no higher degree of humour to boast of.

*Galli ex concubitu gravidam te Pontia Mori  
Quis bene moratam morigeramque negat?*

STEEVENS.

51 *Enough to press a royal merchant down,]* We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting sounding epithet. It is used with great propriety, and shews the poet well acquainted with the history of the people whom he here brings upon the stage. For when the French and the Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Constantinople, the French, under the emperor Henry, endeavoured to extend their conquests into the provinces of the Grecian empire on the terra firma; while the Venetians, who were masters of the sea, gave liberty to any subject of the republic, who would fit out vessels, to make themselves masters of the isles of the Archipelago, and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conquests in sovereignty; only doing homage to the republic for their several principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanudo's, the Justiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripo's, and others, all Venetian *merchants*, erected principalities in several places of the Archipelago, (which their descendants enjoyed for many generations) and thereby became

truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence, the most eminent of our own merchants (while public spirit resided amongst them, and before it was aped by faction) were called *royal merchants*.

WARBURTON.

This epithet was in our poet's time more striking and better understood, because Gresham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>52</sup> — *I'll not answer that,*  
*But say, it is my humour.—]*

This Jew is the strangest fellow. He is asked a question; says he will not answer it; in the very next line says, he has answered it, and then spends the ten following lines to justify and explain his answer. Who can doubt then, but we should read,

— *I'll now answer that,*  
*By SAYING, 'tis my humour.*

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has mistaken the sense. The Jew being asked a question which the law does not require him to answer, stands upon his right, and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not answer, says he, as to a legal or serious question, but since you want an answer, will this serve you?

JOHNSON.

<sup>53</sup> — *a gaping pig;*] So in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623;

" He could not abide to see a *pig's head gaping*;  
 " I thought your grace would find him out a Jew."

STEEVENS.

<sup>54</sup> *Why he a swollen bag-pipe;*] This incident Shakspeare seems to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's Exot. Exercit. against Cardan. A book that our author was well read in, and much indebted to for a great deal of his physics: it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, though now long since forgot. In his 344 Exercit. sect. 6. he has these words, *Narrabo nunc tibi jocosam Sympathiam Reguli Vasconis equitis. Is dum viveret audito phormingis sono, urinam illico facere cogebatur.*—And to make this jocular story still more ridiculous, Shakespeare, I suppose, translated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I would chiefly observe from hence is this, that as Scaliger uses the word *Sympathiam* which signifies, and so he interprets it, *communem AFFECTIONEM dualus rebus*, so Shakspeare translates it by **AFFECTION**;

*Cannot contain their urine for AFFECTION.*

WARBURTON.

In an old translation from the French of Peter de Loier, intitled, A Treatise of Spectres, or straunge Sights, Visions, &c. we have this identical story from Scaliger; and what is still more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the *word* of Shakspeare. " Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Exester, who could not endure the playing on a

“*bag-pipe.*” We may just add, as some observation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the sense of *sympathy*, was formerly *technical*; and so used by Lord Bacon, Sir K. Digby, and many other writers.

FARMER.

<sup>55</sup> *Many a purchas'd slave.]* This argument, considered as used to the particular persons, seems conclusive. I see not how Venetians or Englishmen, while they practise the purchase and sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they should do to us.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>56</sup> *Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew.]* This lost jingle Mr. Theobald found again; but knew not what to make of it when he had it, as appears by his paraphrase. *Though thou thinkest that thou art whetting thy knife on the soal of thy shoe, yet it is upon thy soul, thy immortal part.* Absurd! the conceit is, that his soul was so hard that it had given an edge to his knife.

WARBURTON.

<sup>57</sup> *Malice bears down the truth.]* Malice oppresses honesty, a *true man* in old language is an *honest man*. We now call the jury *good men and true.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>58</sup> —*thou should'st have had ten more,*] i. e. a jury of twelve men, to condemn thee to be hanged.

THEOBALD.

<sup>59</sup> ————— *She doth stray about  
By holy crosses,*] So in the Merry Devil of Edmonton:

" But there are *Crosses*, wife; here's one in  
Waltham,  
" Another at the Abbey, and the third  
" At Ceston, and 'tis ominous to pass  
" Any of these without a Pater-noster."

and this is a reason assigned for the delay of a wed-  
ding.

STEEVENS.

"*The man that hath no musick in himself, &c.]*  
The thought here is extremely fine: as if the being affected with musick was only the harmony between the *internal* [*musick in himself*] and the *external* *musick* [*concord of sweet sounds;*] which were mutually affected like unison strings. This whole speech could not chuse but please an English audience, whose great passion, as well then as now, was *love of musick*. *Jam verò video naturam* (says Erasmus in praise of folly) *ut singulis nationibus, ac pene civitatis, communem quandam insevisse Philautiam: atque hinc fieri, ut BRITANNI præter alia Formam, MUSICAM, & lautas Mensas propriè sibi vindicent.*

WARBURTON.

This passage, which is neither pregnant with physical or moral truth, nor poetically beautiful, in an eminent degree, has constantly enjoyed the good fortune to be repeated by those whose inhospitable memories would have refused to admit or retain any other sentiment or description of the same author, however exalted or just. The truth is, that it furnishes the vacant fiddler with something to say in defence of his profession, and supplies the coxcombni

music, with an invective against such as do not pretend to discover all the various powers of language in articulate sounds.

STEEVENS.

<sup>61</sup> —respective,] *Respective* has the same meaning as *respectful*. See *K. John. Act I.* STEEVENS.

<sup>62</sup> *What man is there so much unreasonable.]* This is a very licentious expression. The sense is, *What man could have so little modesty or wanted modesty so much*, as to urge the demand of a thing kept on an account in some sort religious. JOHNSON.

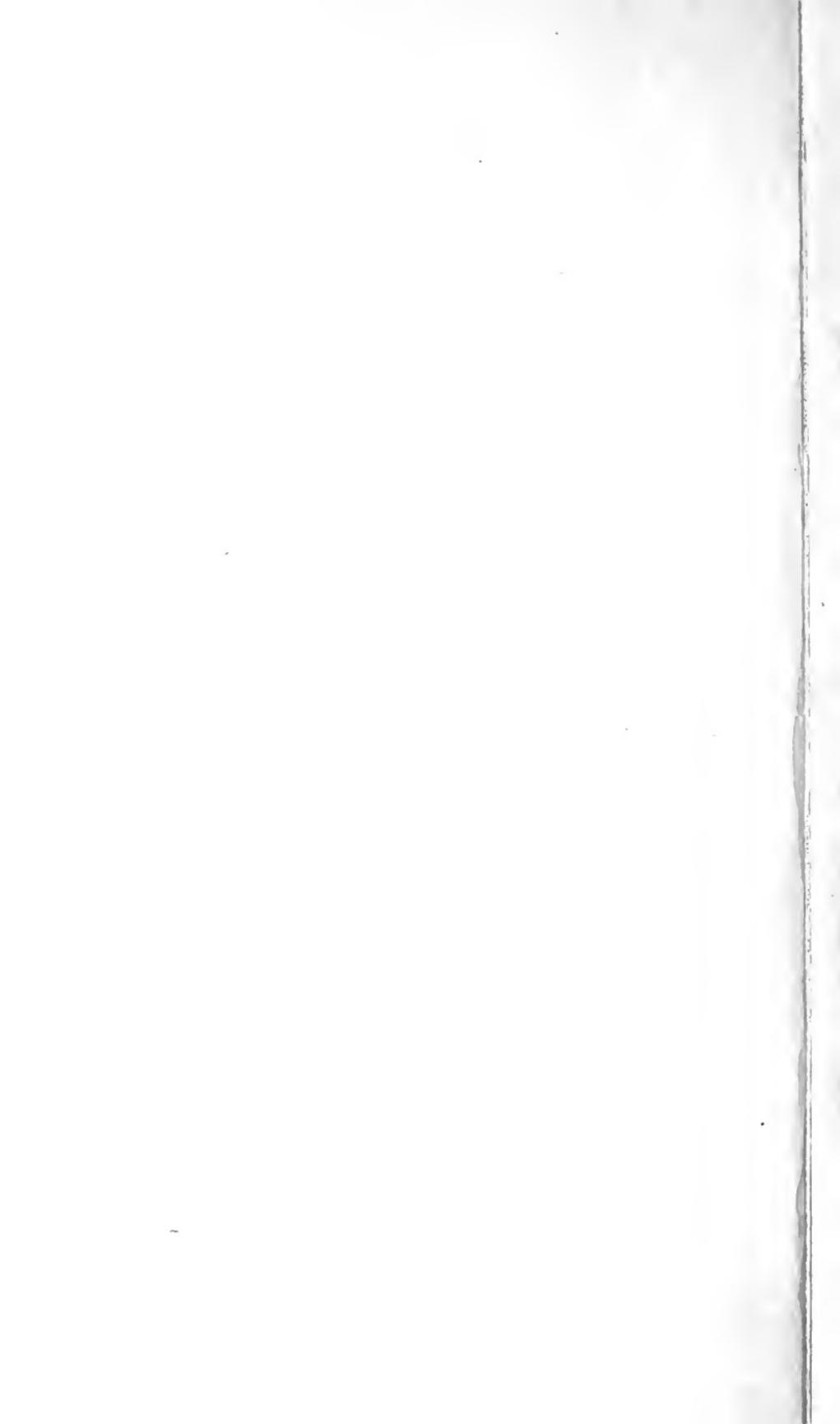
<sup>63</sup> —*for his wealth;*] For his advantage; to obtain his happiness. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term opposite to *adversity*, or *calamity*.

JOHNSON.

END OF VOL. III.







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